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UNDER THE SNOW.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MRS. BURTON.

I am sitting in the twilight,
Watching the falling snow;
And thinking how bright, how serenely bright,
Were the hours in the "long ago."
And as sadly I muse of the loved and lost,
They are hovering round I know,
While two are lying with white hands crossed,
Under the fleecy snow.

Another sleeps in a southern clime,
Where the flowers are ever in bloom;
The flowers, the beautiful southern flowers,
Breathe fragrance above his tomb.
He closed his dear eyes wearily,
On a world of pain and woe,
And they buried him in the balmy south,
Far away from the dreary snow.

Another, dearer than all to me,
Sleeps in an ocean grave,
He cannot hear the wailing wind,
Nor the moan of the restless wave.
I was sitting as now in the twilight gray,
When the tidings came to me,
And I mourned for him as a sister might
For a brother lost at sea.
When they ask me why my cheek grows pale,
And my eyes with sad tears dim,
I may not say that my heart is down
In the deep blue sea with him.

The tall old trees with a mournful wall,
Bend softly over me now,
And whisper—"The *spirits* of those you love
Are not beneath the snow."
They meet together over my head,
And whisper softly to me,
That the spirit of him I loved the most
Is not beneath the sea.
But purer than snow are their brows to-night,
And nought of the drear sea's moan
Blends with the notes of their golden harps,
Before our Father's throne.

Council Hill, Illinois.

THE FATAL TABLETS.

BY DR. MICHELSEN.

In the French Gallery of Drawings in the last London Exhibition there was seen a picture by Coignet, described simply as "The Daughter of Tintoretto." It simply shows the latter taking the likeness of his child, who had just died. His countenance is stiff and stern, his eyes are dry, though his heart bleeds within him. But very few, if any, are acquainted with the melancholy and deeply romantic circumstances that brought about the death of the fair Alizia (that was her name) when hardly fifteen years old, as seen in the engraving, an episode picture to which is still seen in the LOUVRE, entitled "Lavinia (daughter of Titian) and Tintoretto," where the latter is seen breaking to pieces, in violent rage, the guitar on which Lavinia had been playing before the guests of her father. These two pictures form the two extreme points in the romantic life of Tintoretto, and the reader will, perhaps, thank us for giving him the clue to them by a detailed narrative of the history of that celebrated painter of the sixteenth century.

Giacomo Robusti was the son of a dyer in Venice. Already, at an early age, the boy evinced remarkable taste for drawing, and a peculiar fine sense for the effect produced by a due distribution of colors. His father accordingly apprenticed him to a modest painter of mediocre merit, in whose studio the boy learned to make pencil drawings from sculptured models, and occasionally, also, to handle the painting brush. Titian, an old schoolfellow of the painter, frequently paid a visit to the studio of his friend, with whom he used to converse on the topics connected with their art. On one occasion he was accompanied by his little girl, the fair, golden-haired Lavinia, who was running about from easel to easel of the numerous students, whilst her father was engaged in deep conversation with his friend. All of a sudden the deep silence that usually prevailed around them was broken by the girl, who, clapping her hands with childish mirth and loud laughter, pulled her father to the easel of young Robusti, and, pointing to his canvas, on which he was painting a scene from Paradise, exclaimed, "Look, papa, at the dyer, (Tintoretto,) who besmears his figures which such gay colors as if they were at a bal masque! Is it not funny, papa?" All the pupils joined in the burst of laughter, and even the master himself could not help smiling at poor Robusti, who looked foolish and ashamed. Titian, however, approached the easel with a benign look at the poor boy, the laughing-stock of the company, and having attentively examined the picture, said to his daughter:

"You are right, Lavinia; the boy is now certainly only a Tintoretto, but he will one day become a glorious painter, or my name is not Titian!" And, turning to his friend, he said, "Would you give him over to me?"

"With all my heart," was the reply. "I know that Giacomo will soon beat me in the art. Take him, then, under your tuition, that your prophecy may be fulfilled."

For four years Robusti worked hard in the studio, and under the immediate eye of Titian, and he made such wonderful progress that he soon became the favorite pupil of Titian, who secretly admired the power and boldness of his brush, assisted by a most lively imagination. The compositions of young Robusti, it is true, were frequently too bulky, his figures too open and widely spread, and his illuminations too dazzling, while the tone of his coloring still drew on him the sobriquet Tintoretto; yet every stroke betrayed a glowing fancy, a true artistic soul, and the seed of growing genius. Robusti became, little by little, so used to that nickname, that he soon passed by that name with all his friends and acquaintances at Venice. The child, however, who gave him first that name, had, in the meanwhile, after the death of her mother, the beautiful Violante Vechio, been sent for education to the convent of the Sisters of the Heart of Christ, at Padua, whence, after the lapse of four years, she returned to the palace of her father at Venice. From that period the life of Titian underwent many changes. A duenna (governess and companion) was taken into the house, and the fair Lavinia began to pay and receive visits, while the halls of Titian's mansion were now opened to gay and distinguished company. Titian himself rejoiced at the tribute of admiration paid to the talents and beauty of his golden-haired Lavinia, and he was lavish in dinner and evening parties, which were honored by the richest and greatest of the land, and Titian may already, then, have indulged in the bright prospect of seeing his daughter married to some noble grandee or princely duke, for in those times it was considered an honor to be allied with an eminent artist. Titian was, however, soon to learn that the heart of woman does not always aspire to rank and wealth; its choice is of a more refined nature, apart from the gloss and glitter of social distinction. Young Lavinia cared but little about the admiration of the high and distinguished: her love was fixed on one whose social position was much inferior to that of any of her other suitors; he was only a young sculptor of Bologna, and by name Francesco Bologna, who had resided for some time at Venice.

A GAME AT CROQUET.

[SEE ARTICLE ON FOURTH PAGE.]

Lavinia's return to her paternal roof had produced a great change, not only in the mansion, but also in the studio of Titian, which she visited daily for a few moments; and during that short visit the pupils forgot their allotted task in the silent admiration of the new beauty, who walked from easel to easel like a stately princess in a picture-gallery. There was only one of the pupils with whom she exchanged a few friendly words on stopping at his easel, and that was Robusti, whom she had christened Tintoretto, and whose paintings she much admired. The consequence was that Robusti fell deeply in love with the girl, and fancied that his love was reciprocated.

It was customary with Titian to invite his pupils to his evening parties, and you could see them there walking arm and arm with the great and noble of the land as with their equals, for the pupils of the great maestro were looked upon as titular nobility but little inferior to that of birth and family, and it was there that Robusti at last discovered the secret of Lavinia's heart—her love for the young sculptor—and since that discovery a thousand furies of hell had taken possession of his mind, his feelings of revenge and jealousy knew of no bounds, and he frequently, when overcome by such torments, left the studio in the midst of an unfinished task, threw himself into a gondola, and allowed himself to be rowed about, no matter whither, for several hours together. Lavinia guessed his love for her, but all she could return was the assurance of a sisterly affection—an affection that his heart did not covet.

On one of those evenings when the guests had assembled at Titian's, the latter, with his fair daughter, were walking arm and arm up and down the grand saloon, at the side of the celebrated portrait-painter Sebastiano Piombo, with whom Titian was conversing on some topic of the day, when suddenly a ditty, sung by a manly voice and accompanied by a guitar, arrested the step of Lavinia. It was Bologna, who amused the company in the adjoining room with a few songs, accompanied by Lavinia's guitar, which had been lying on the table in that room. Releasing her arm from that of her father's, she stepped into the room whence the music proceeded. At her approach the singer stopped, and, bending one knee before her, he kissed the strings of the instrument, which he handed to her with the request to favor the company with a song. Lavinia did as requested, to the delight of the company, who always admired the sweetness of the voice and the skillful play of Lavinia, who had seated herself on a gold-embroidered stool, while the company, of both sexes, placed themselves on the floor around her. There was only one who stood erect among the seated company; he was leaning against one of the marble pillars, looking gloomily askant at his master's daughter.

"Look at Giacomo Robusti!" exclaimed one of the company; "he alone seems to despise kneeling before the fairest of Venice."

"Never mind," replied Bologna; "he will soon fall to the dust of her feet at the first sound of her voice. He has, perhaps, never as yet heard her sing. Poor Giacomo!"

A glance of hatred shot from the black eyes of Robusti at the speaker, and a bitter retort was hovering on his lips, when Lavinia, anticipating a scene, said softly:

"Leave my Robusti alone; he is the favorite pupil of my father, and the tender friend of my younger brother, Horatio, and, consequently, also my friend."

Lavinia having finished her song, she handed the instrument back to Bologna to give, in his turn, a vocal treat. He was about touching the strings, when a powerful hand behind his shoulders grasped at the neck of the guitar, and, with a violent jerk, snatched it from his hands. On turning round the sculptor beheld the ghastly countenance of Robusti, who, with a loud crash, dashed the instrument against the marble pillar, and broke it to pieces. Like an angry demi god, the culprit stood rolling his dark eyes, while a mocking smile convulsed his lips.

"Curse on him!" shrieked he, with a trembling voice—"curse on him who dares to touch the strings after Lavinia!"

The whole company jumped up with an air of indignation and bewilderment, while Francesco approached towards the excited culprit, and both were measuring each other with threatening looks.

"Are you mad?" asked Bologna at last, in wrath.

But without giving time for a reply, Lavinia had approached her lover, and, putting her hand upon his arm, said, softly:

"Don't be angry with poor Robusti; he is not well; and you, of all, ought and should have pity on him. As for you, Giacomo, you go home immediately. You vowed me even yesterday eternal brotherly friendship; you have broken that vow, and, as a punishment, I banish you from my presence for the whole evening. To-morrow you will hear more from me, and the light of the day will, I hope, show you the madness of your conduct to-night."

"I go; but do not count on my repentance," replied he, spitefully. "I would do the same thing over and over again." Saying which, he bowed to the company, and withdrew.

Having thus satisfied his petty revenge, Robusti felt himself for the moment free and happy. On entering his studio, however, next morning, qualms of conscience saddened his heart, and he longed for an interview with Lavinia, but neither she nor her father made their usual appearance in the studio. After the lapse of some hours, however, Titian entered, followed by his two sons, all clad in their gala suits, and after announcing to his pupils the betrothal of his daughter to Bologna, he turned to Robusti, and said friendly:

"Follow me, Giacomo, to my library, where I am charged with a commission for you from Lavinia."

Robusti followed him in a sort of stupefaction, but hardly had Titian shut the door of his library and they were alone, than Giacomo awoke to the full consciousness of his wretched condition, and he said with a hateful smile:

"Ishought, maestro, that you had destined your daughter for a duke or prince, instead of throwing her away on a beggarly, miserable artist!"

Titian eyed him for some moments in silent pity and sympathy, and then putting his hand softly on his pupil's shoulder, he said:

"Lavinia sends you her best regards and sisterly love, and as a dear remembrance from you, she would like to have from your brush, on parchment, a few holy images to put in her mass-book, that she may remember you in her prayers; and on my telling her that sketches of that sort are not to your taste she said: 'Tintoretto can do anything with his brush if he wills; and I am sure,' added she, 'he will do his best to please his dear sister.' This, Giacomo, she could whisper about stepping into her carriage an hour ago, on her way to Padua, where she wishes to live a few weeks with the sisters of the convent. There is but little time left for the task, Giacomo, as the nuptials are to take place exactly four weeks hence."

Tintoretto, lifting up his head, exclaimed with wild joy,

"Your daughter's bidding shall be done. She is right in saying 'Tintoretto can do anything if he wills it!' The required tablets shall be in the hands of my new sister on her wedding-day, but I do not intend to hand them to her in person, as I only wish to see her after her marriage, when she will be irrevocably lost to me as something dearer than a sister. You must also allow me to paint them in my private apartments. I have never attempted such things, and I should not like other eyes to glance at them over my shoulders while making the attempt. I shall, therefore, entirely absent myself for a while, and return to your studio in proper time."

"Be it so, Giacomo, and thanks in the name of my daughter. Your whereabouts shall be a strict secret until you think proper to make your appearance again."

Tintoretto bowed, and left the house with hasty steps.

From that hour Robusti was no more to be seen; no one knew what had become of him. He had taken lodgings in one of the remotest and but little frequented suburbs of Venice, where he worked at the holy images with a zeal, as if to save his soul from an anticipated purgatory. Neither did he work in vain. Surrounded by fine arabesque models, the images of some of the saints gradually assumed under his hand a vivid expression of holiness, of surpassing excellence and sublimity. He never left his room except late in the evening, when, winding his way through narrow and crooked lanes, he visited a druggist named Zanchetti, who was living in a small decayed cottage in the Guidecca quarter, and of whose chemical skill many wonderful stories, good and bad, were afloat. He seldom received any visits from patients, owing to the rumor that the gloomy Florentine was as skillful in preparing a healing powder as in composing a death draught, and that even his own wife and child had some years back died by his sinister skill. There Robusti used to spend several hours every evening in close conversation with the chemist, and on his stealthy return home he usually met a poor boy in the vicinity of the Rialto hawking holy images before the lamp of the miraculous saint.

The four weeks at last drew to a close, and the promised tablets were also finished. Tintoretto visited for the last time the druggist, and when he departed it was already broad daylight, and busy life was already pervading the bridges and canals. Signor Zanchetti this last time accompanied his young visitor to the threshold of the door, and handing him a small box of fragrant wood, to which was appended a small silver key, he said to him in a whisper:

"Therein are enclosed your tablets. I wish you could have left them with me another day, to allow the poison to be better absorbed. However, even as it is, I have no doubt that the hand that will touch them will wither in a very short time, and mortify the whole body. Your tablets I am sure will carry with them certain and speedy death. Adieu! And should you again require my services, you know where to find me."

Overpowered by conflicting feelings of sorrow, despair, love, and pity, on the one hand, and deep hatred, revenge, and jealousy on the other, he staggered rather than walked through the narrow windings of streets and lanes, when his ears caught the sounds of the bells of San Marco ringing in the marriage ceremonies of Lavinia. The demon of jealousy and revenge now got the mastery over his heart. At that moment he heard close by him the well-known call of the boy hawking his little images. A sudden thought struck him. What if he should be the bearer of the box!

"I'll buy from you the whole of your stock," said he, "if you will run a message for me."

The eyes of the boy sparkled with joy.

"Here I am, signor! Whither am I to go?"

"What is your name?"

"Andrea Schiavone, signor."

"Accompany me in yonder gondola; we shall land near the mansion of Titian, where the marriage of his fair daughter is to-day solemnized. You must hand this box to the bride herself, and say, 'Giacomo Robusti, whom you once called Tintoretto,

sends you this; it contains three tablets for your mistress which he has painted as a crevasse for you; and he begs, moreover, that you may, while at the altar, take them up and remember the donor in your prayer.'—You understand me, boy?"

The latter looked at him with joyful surprise.

"What!" exclaimed he at last, "are you really Tintoretto, the famous pupil of Titian?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because they say that you will soon surpass the master in the art."

"They lie; it is false," replied the other, gloomily. "Tintoretto is a very poor wretch, whose hand is benumbed and whose brush ought to be cast into the deep sea. They have taken the light from my eyes, my boy, and they think Tintoretto could also paint in sombre darkness, the fools! But look, here is the gondola; follow me."

Hardly had Schiavone left him on his fatal mission than conscience returned, and the wretched man became fully alive to the enormity of the crime. He attempted to recall the boy, who was, however, too far gone to hear the call. Sinking back into the cushion of the gondola, he felt as if his heart was breaking with agony. The low singing of the gondolier seemed to him a funeral song, and he fancied he saw already the handsome corpse carried in a coffin to the grave by the pious monks, followed by a train of weeping relations, friends, and acquaintances.—How long he remained in that frightful reverie he knew not, for he lay powerless in a half-dreamy vision, and when he at last had strength enough to rouse himself to consciousness, he found that Andrea had not yet returned. Telling the gondolier to wait for him, he jumped out and entered the mansion (or palace, as it was called) by a back door, but found all the rooms empty and deserted; on reaching at last the small court-yard, where a little fountain was playing (he knew all the ins and outs of the palace), he ascended a small marble staircase leading to the private study of the maestro, and there his eye caught the eye of Andrea, who was seated on one of the steps, occupied in drawing. The fatal box stood wide open at his side, and the light fell glaringly on the uppermost tablet, on which was painted the Virgin with the infant Jesus in her arms. For a moment Robusti stood as if petrified by the sight, but the next moment he rushed upon Andrea with a loud cry, and, snatching up the box, he shut the lid, hiding the box under the folds of his mantle.

"What have you done?" groaned he, tremblingly.

"Oh, don't be angry!" prayed the frightened boy falling upon his knees; "don't be angry, sir; I have not touched your tablets; I never attempted to sell the wonderful images even with the tip of my fingers. I was only bold enough to try to copy the heavenly Madonna, to while away my time until their return from church, as I came too late to the mansion. They were all gone when I arrived, and I am waiting for the return of the bride, that I may deliver it into her own hands."

"Never, never! The holy Virgin has done a miracle, and chose you, Andrea, as an organ for my salvation!" said Tintoretto, in a solemn voice; and putting his hand upon the head of the boy, he continued:—"you know not, Andrea Schiavone, the important service you have rendered me.—Rise, and come to my heart; but tell me, first, whether you feel quite well, and that you have no sensation of pain in your limbs." Saying which, he looked anxiously into the boy's face.

"Since you have pardoned me, sir, I feel as free and merry as a bird in the air."

"Give me your drawing, Andrea." Tintoretto looked with surprise at the neat and bold lines drawn by the small hand; it was, indeed, a fac-simile of his own Madonna in every feature and muscle.—"Should you like, Andrea, to become a pupil of a great master?"

The boy could for a moment not speak for emotions of joy, and covering the hands of Robusti with kisses of gratitude, he at last stammered out:

"Such was, indeed, the ardent wishes of my heart, and the constant prayers to my patron saint. All the little images I hawk about are painted by myself, and I was always in hope that some day or other they might fall into the hands of a great painter, and that he would then take me as his pupil. How can I sufficiently thank you now for your kind offer?"

"By your silence, boy. Not a living soul must ever know the errand you have been on. Swear it by the soul of your mother!"

"I swear most solemnly."

"And now accompany me home, where I can talk to you more on the subject."

A few days after, when Lavinia had fairly left her father's roof, Robusti returned to the studio, and at his request Titian had taken Andrea as his pupil, who used to sit at a small table near Robusti, occupied in drawing and painting. Titian had at once discovered a rare talent in the boy, but he was then far from suspecting that a few years hence the reputation of Andrea Schiavone would equal, if not even eclipse his own, and that the little vender of images would soon become the creator of those grand frescoes, the admiration of all ages and all countries.

Tintoretto, though he had apparently resumed his work in the studio, was no longer the same cheerful youth as before; deep sorrow and grief had taken possession of his heart. He constantly brooded over the past, and would for hours together sit in his little room looking at the box before him.

"I know, Giacomo, what ails you," said Titian to him one day; "it is, no doubt, the failure of the tablets you had promised Lavinia; but never mind these trifles; compose yourself, and begin something on a new scale in which your skill lies."

But Robusti did not compose himself; he remained sad, sullen, melancholy, and buried in dark reflections. Standing one moonlight night,—as was his wont—on his favorite solitary spot on the Rialto bridge, looking down into the rippling water and lost in thought, he felt a hand upon his shoulder. Turning round, he beheld the jovial, smiling face of the rich painter Sebastiano Piombo.

"Are you not Robusti, whom Lavinia christened Tintoretto?"

"The same. Does the favorite of Venice know the poor pupil of Titian?"

"Not his person, but his brush. Titian showed me some of your works, and told me also how odd, eccentric, and sullen you have become of late. I know what ails you, man. You must not remain in this place if you wish to shine; no one can see the rays of the stars at the side of the sun."

Tintoretto raised his head, and his eyes sparkled.

"You are right, maestro, I must not remain in Venice," said he, in a low voice; "but whither am I to go? You forget that I am without name or means."

"And you forget that I have both, and am always ready to share my wealth with less favored brethren. I go to morrow to Rome, and shall stay there at least a year, and perhaps altogether. Michael Angelo, the greatest of the great, lures me into his enchanting circle; follow me, and I will take care of you as of a son until you no longer need my assistance, Giacomo."

A bright and glorious future at once opened to the glowing imagination of the latter, and seizing the hand of the speaker, he exclaimed, enthusiastically:

"I'll follow you, Sebastiano, to the end of the world; only away, far away from this place! And if you will introduce me to Buonarrotti, I shall begin a new artistic life with the motto: 'the Drawing of Angelo and the Coloring of Titian!'"

Tintoretto remained for several years at Rome, and returned to his native place only after the death of his friend and patron He came back a different man; he was more quiet, sedate, proud, and became an eminent artist. Sensual Rome had wrought a perfect change in his disposition; Michael Angelo had kindly taken him by the hand, his friend Piombo liberally supplied him with money, while the gay society of the Eternal City did not allow him much time to brood over the past. Under such circumstances, his talents were wonderfully developed, numerous paintings issued from his brush, in which the young maestro fully verified his chosen motto: "The Drawing of Angelo, and the Coloring of Titian."—But no Madonna or even saint were among those productions; he shrank from reproducing those images which he had once decorated with criminal thoughts of murder. He never parted with the box and its contents, and it always stood at the side of his easel as a sort of *memento mori* It was long before Piombo had succeeded in drawing him into the circle of the fair sex, and it was also long before he found their society and charms seductive. At last, after the death of his friend, finding solitude irksome, he married a rich young lady at Rome, who adored and followed him to Venice. There he found the palace of Titian deserted; the maestro had removed to Florence, whither Schiavone had followed him. Tintoretto now began to work diligently for himself; his fame soon spread throughout Italy; his works were considered masterpieces, and ere long every palace in Venice had something to show of his brush and pencil. His growing reputation soon brought back to his studio his former protege Andrea, between whom and Tintoretto's eldest daughter, Alexia—generally called the prettiest flower of la bella Venizia—mutual love had sprung up, and Tintoretto tacitly approved of their eventual union. Alexia was the pride and darling of her father, while her golden hair and complexion frequently reminded him of the first love of his youth.

"What do you think of Andrea, darling?" asked her father one day.

"He is very kind to me," said she, blushingly. "He has painted a Madonna for my missal, since you cruelly refused to do it for me."

Tintoretto, embracing her, said, with deep emotion:

"After I have expiated an enormous sin which has darkened the life of my youth, the saints will again allow me to devote my brush to their service; but, don't, dear, question me about it—it gives me pain."

Alexia listened with sorrowful astonishment to these strange words, and continually pondered on them. Neither could her mother unriddle the words, she being totally ignorant of Tintoretto's early life at Venice, but she thought that Andrea might give them some clue to the sin hinted at.

"I am sure," added she, "that he must know more of his sorrows than even frequently hear them, and perhaps suffers, when alone in the studio, such a low voice as plainly to indicate that they are talking about some sacred matter only to themselves. Speak to Andrea, love, and ask him."

Alexia did speak to Andrea, but he told her that a sacred oath binds his lips, but that the little box that is always at her father's side in the studio contains the evil spell that casts a gloom over his temper.

"Pray, Alexia, to the saints," added he, with deep feeling, "who always listen to the devout prayers of the innocent, to free the mind of your father from sad recollections, and restore to him peace and tranquility."

The same night, when all were in bed, Alexia stole into the study. In one hand she held a lamp, and in the other her missal, which she pressed against her heart. She approached the mysterious box, but it was locked, and the key was not there. However, after much tossing, shaking, and fingering, it flew open; an overpowering exhalation issued from it as she was bending her face over it. Having deposited her missal in the box, she closed the lid and retired, satisfied that the spell would soon be broken. Early next morning, before any one had yet risen, she again repaired to the studio, opened the lid, and took out her sacred deposit. A fine gray dust lay upon the blue velvet binding of her missal, while its silver clasps had lost their bright gloss. This unusual appearance augured to her simple mind a miraculous token of a change for the better, and encouraged her to repeat the sacred operation for several nights successively, that the evil spirit might entirely be banished never to return any more to torment the oppressed spirit of her dear father. In this firm belief she opened one morning the missal and kissed the Madonna, the gift of Schiavone, her lover. It seemed to her that the bright colors had faded away, or that her own eyes were covered, as it were, with a thick veil; the air seemed hot and heavy, and a few minutes after she lay on the floor in a deep swoon. On opening her eyes she found herself on a couch at the breast of her father, while her mother and Andrea were kneeling at her side, both bathed in tears. Alexia's countenance was wonderfully changed; she looked pale, breathed heavily, while her feet and limbs had become ice-cold. Slowly, and almost inaudibly, she whispered:

"Weep not for me while I am dying; the Queen of Heaven has kissed my forehead, and you, dear father, will henceforth regain the calm of your mind, and paint again holy images, for I have removed the evil spirit from the fatal box. The missal—" Her voice broke.

At these words Tintoretto uttered a terrific shriek of anguish, and fell down senseless close to the couch of his dying child. On recovering his senses, he saw his wife on the floor shedding tears of agony, while at the head of the couch were kneeling pious monks in silent prayer. The candle of death was burning: Alexia was dead!

The maestro then bid them all to leave the room, and leave him alone with the corpse. He sent for his easel and painting materials, and began to take the likeness of his child before the cruel hand of death had time to disfigure the delicate features. Not a tear moistened his burning eyes, not a convulsed muscle shook his hand during the operation, until he had finished the likeness, and when at last he quitted the chamber of death late in the evening, his hair had become white, and his appearance was that of a very old man!

On the day of Alexia's funeral, Tintoretto began his celebrated picture of the Virgin, which he afterwards presented to the Cathedral Maria della Salute, and which is considered the most brilliant execution of art. It bears the features of his Alexia.

Ever after the death of his daughter, Tintoretto only painted pious or Scriptural subjects. His "Last Doomsday," "The Adoration of the Golden Calf," "The Crucifixion," "St. Agnes and St. Rochus," are amongst the chefs-d'œuvres of the sixteenth century. In 1594, Tintoretto began and completed his largest picture, for the palace of the Doge, "The Paradise." It is thirty feet high and seventy-four long, and contains upwards of one hundred figures. A few days after he had put the last stroke on it, *he died.*

☞ FEELING FOR THE POOR.—On going home last night, we came across a young man standing well braced against a lamppost, soliloquizing thus:—"What will the poor (hic) do this hard (hic) winter? Gin is (hic) ten cents a (hic) glass, and brandy (hic) fifteen cents a glass! Lord (hic) help the poor (hic)!"

☞ Prince Maximilian who, it is now thought, will leave Europe for Mexico in February next, wears his hair parted in the middle, like Charlemagne and all the German Emperors of the middle ages. An archeologist, to whom the fact was mentioned, said it was a good omen for Maximilian, for all the founders of dynasties wore their hair so parted.

☞ Solitary confinement of prisoners has been abandoned in the state prison of Michigan, on account of the evil consequences attendant upon the punishment; most of those so confined quickly becoming hopelessly insane.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC. 26, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Our Sewing-Machine Premium.

In answer to various letters, we would repeat that as to our clubs generally, they can be made up of either periodical, or of both, as suits the members. And, if the getter up of a club for THE POST prefers the Magazine as a Premium, he can have it; while THE POST will be sent as a Premium for the Magazine clubs, if desired.

The Sewing-Machine Premium, it will be seen, applies to both periodicals; *as well as to mixed clubs made up of the magazine and the paper.* This is a splendid premium, and we are glad to see that numbers design availing themselves of it. These machines cannot be bought for less than the price we mention, FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

In our next paper—the first of the New Year—we design commencing Mrs. Wood's new story. We find by the advanced sheets that we made a mistake in the name, as given us in a letter from Mrs. Wood, and that the true title is

OSWALD CRAY—

and not Oswald Gray, as we have had it. This is a matter, however, of very little importance.

We trust our country subscribers, in renewing their subscriptions for the new year, will not only remit early, but will try to increase our list in their respective places, as much as they conveniently can. We know by hundreds of letters that they think THE POST the best paper of its class in the land, and therefore they can ask their neighbors and friends to enroll themselves on its list of subscribers without any intellectual or moral scruples. The beginning of a new story by Mrs. Wood, gives them an excellent opportunity of so doing.

HOW TO GET THIN.

The above is a very important question to many of our English cousins. In America, judging by what we see around us, we think a more important question is, How to get fat. With the dry air, and the high pressure system of society which prevails in the United States, men and women are able to become and remain thin very easily. In our large cities especially, where every man expects to do about the work of two, and where the word *drive* is the stern law of existence from early in the morning till late at night—rendering it difficult to obtain time even to "bolt" your meals—the fat is raced and worried and dyspepsied off a man's bones very speedily.

It is curious to see how one of our lean, active citizens begins to fatten up as soon as he "makes his pile," and learns to take things easily, or gets a quiet office, like that of alderman. These cases prove almost conclusively, that there is nothing in our climate to keep us thin, but that it is the endless work, and care, and worry.

But as some people, even in America, have a constitutional tendency towards excessive fatness, which they do not take much pride in, we quote from an English contemporary the following advice:—

HOW TO GET THIN.

Diet yourself; avoid starchy and saccharine food and the fat of meat; all physiologists know that those substances, when taken into the system and assimilated, form fat. You need not starve yourself; it is quality rather than quantity that is injurious. The following tables may be useful to stout persons (generally):—Breakfast: fish, kidneys, or any cold meat, tea (without milk or sugar), an ounce of dry toast or biscuit; total, 6 ozs. solid, 8 ozs. liquid food. Dinner: fish, meat, an ounce of toast or biscuit, any vegetable except potato, fruit out of a pudding, poultry or game, three glasses of sound claret, sherry, or madeira, but no champagne, port, or beer; total, 8 ozs. solid, 8 ozs. liquid food. Tea: fruit, a rusk, and tea; total, 3 ozs. solid, 8 ozs. liquid. Supper: any articles not forbidden; 4 ozs. solid, 6 ozs. liquid. It is not necessary wholly to abstain from hydro carbonaceous food, but to limit the quantity taken. Several friends of mine who have adopted the above plan have lost weight immediately; one, in particular, in one year lost 46 lbs., and diminished in girth 12½ inches. A relative, who has used the treatment a month, tells me he has lost nearly 10 lbs., and feels better in health than he has for years.

To get fat, you will of course pursue a directly opposite plan to that advised above—eating and drinking what is there prohibited, and abstaining from what is there recommended. But it is doubtful whether the most judicious course of eating will abate the evil of excessive leanness, unless coupled with a reasonable degree of freedom from hurry and care. The old adage which gives Care the credit of killing even the cat—notwithstanding that animal's nine lives—is a very true one. Falstaff said, to be sure, "A plague on this sighing and grief, how they blow a man up like a bladder"—but then Falstaff was notoriously addicted to lying.

We would not advise our readers to try his receipt for getting fat. On a moderate amount of work, a good meal, a pleasant book, sound sleep, and easy circumstances, are among the things which meet all the good digestion of proper food to insure the acquisition of a respectable degree of flesh.

SUGAR AN ANTIDOTE FOR WORMS.

The following is from the *British Medical Journal*:—

M. Debout says that sugar is an excellent destroyer of worms. He once accidentally put sugar instead of salt on a leech which he wished to detach from the skin, and was surprised at the spasms produced by it. He therefore tried sugar on earth-worms, and found it had a similar powerful effect; and has since used it in solution with success as an injection for children.

What next? The world has always been in the habit of considering that the excessive use of sugar was one of the principal causes of the over-abundance of worms in the human system—and now we have the statement that sugar is an excellent destroyer of worms. It may be so—and probably is in the strict sense of what M. Debout says.—And yet the old notions may have some truth in them also. Worms in excess, if we are not mistaken, are held by the medical faculty to be the result of a diseased state of the system, produced either by over nutrition, or some other cause. Always there are worms in the system—and it is only an excessive number of them which is detrimental. Now sugar is highly nutritious, and its excessive use may injuriously affect the proper and healthy action of the stomach, and thus produce an excess of worms. And, besides, it does not follow necessarily that because sugar in its natural state is a destroyer of worms, sugar after its change in the stomach, should be such a vermifuge. The medical faculty, however, we suppose, will enlighten us before long on the right and wrong of this matter.

DEATH GRASP IN BROWNING.

AN English authority discourses as follows of the "death-grip in drowning." We know not with how much truth:—

There is in reality, *no such thing as a death-grasp*—directly a drowning man begins to grow faint, or loses his recollection, his hold slackens, and then, as the muscles collapse, quits altogether.

A man or woman who cannot control and direct their actions in the way known as presence of mind is perfectly useless, in a case of emergency, when life or death is the stake; but if you can swim and keep your wits about you do not apprehend any death-grasp—go in to the rescue. Encourage the man in danger by your coolness, catch him by the *hair*, turn him on his back, and if need be, namely, if he is exhausted, get below him, and, supporting him on your stomach, swim on your back to shore, or float until further help comes.

By the way, our readers may always know that a paragraph is English, by the incorrect use of the word "directly," as in the above. There is no excuse for such an use of the word; the phrase "as soon as" being good English, and answering every purpose. Let the critics see to it that this corruption does not creep into American literature. We have already seen it a few times this side of the Atlantic.

THE POET COWPER.

It is a disputed question in England how the name of Cowper should be pronounced—Cowper or Cooper. As Lord Cowper calls himself Cooper, the probability would seem to be that the poet pronounced his name the same way. In America, we believe, it is almost universally pronounced Cowper; and we should not like to alter to Cooper, except under the most serious conviction of its propriety.

Apropos to this, the name of the poet Campbell, should be pronounced as it is spelled, Camp-bell, and not Camel, as so many people on this side of the ocean will have it. Campbell is moreover very pretty and poetical, while Camel is only tolerable.

IS IT SO?

We see it stated that the celebrated German theologian, David Friederich Strauss, who for many years has been one of the most indefatigable opponents of the Christian faith, has recanted his opinions, and has yielded to the force of the arguments which his writings have elicited from the hands of able critics. If this report be true, it is a great triumph for the orthodox theologians. Can any one inform us as to the facts of the case?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

EDITH PRESCOT; OR, LESSONS OF LOVE; being Aunt Bertha's Visit to the Elms. A Story for Children. By EMMA MARSHALL, author of Happy Days at Fernbank, &c., &c. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

A first rate holyday present for some nice little girl. The characters are life-like, and the story interesting and well told; each varied incident illustrating a new and beautiful phase of the great lesson of love, love as a living principle, prompting to do and to dare, to bear and forbear—fitted to influence the heart, and through it the conduct, in the happiest manner. The publisher has done his part in giving it that neat and pretty appearance which forms so large a portion of a child's pleasure in a new book.

THE RURAL ANNUAL AND HORTICULTURAL DIRECTORY. Published by Jos. Harris, Rochester, N. Y.

LAMPS OF SHADOWING PEARL. By T. S. Arthur, author of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," &c. Published by Charles Scribner, New York. The publisher says the "only complete copy of Mr. Arthur's works have ever been sold in the last few years in this country, though sold in England they have a great circulation." We are glad to find our old and estimable townsman so well appreciated. His works belong to that class which do good wherever they go. The photographic accuracy of Mr. Arthur's sketches of life has probably never been exceeded. We have not had time to read the work now before us, but from a glance through its pages, would infer that it possesses more than the usual amount of interest. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE WAYNE BABIES: A Fairy Tale for a Land Baby. By the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY, author of "Two Years Ago," "Amyas Leigh," &c. Published by T. O. H. P. Burnham, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. A pretty volume for a Christmas present.

MY DAYS AND NIGHTS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD. A Book for Boys. By CARLETON. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THREE TIMES DEAD, and THE LAWYER'S SECRET, are two stories by Miss BRADDON, recently published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE FARMER BOY, AND HOW HE BECAME COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. By UNCLE JUVENAL. Edited by WILLIAM H. THAYER, author of "The Pioneer Boy," &c. Second thousand. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

HARRY'S VACATION; OR, PHILOSOPHY AT HOME. By WILLIAM C. RICHARDS, A. M. Author's revised edition. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

ERNEST LINWOOD. By Mrs. LEE HENTZ, author of "Linda," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE FATAL MARRIAGE. By Mrs. H. D. E. N. Southworth, author of "Retribution," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

EDITH'S MINISTRY. By HARRIET B. MCKEEVER, author of "Sunshine," &c. Published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

THE THOUGHTS OF THE EMPEROR M. AURELIUS ANTONINUS. Translated by GEO. LONG. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. This book is valuable as showing the height of ideal morality and virtue to which the heathen nations attained. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

ROUND THE BLOCK. An American Novel. With Illustrations. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. The name of the author of this book is not given. The "Block" alluded to, is a block of houses. We have not had time to examine the work sufficiently to give any opinion of its merits. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

HISTORY OF THE ROMANS UNDER THE EMPIRE. By CHARLES MERIVALE, B. D., Late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. From the Fourth London Edition. Vols. 1 and 2. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE DAYS OF SHODDY. A Novel of the Great Rebellion of 1863. By HENRY MORFORD, author of "Shoulder Straps." With a handsome portrait of the author. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

KEEP A GOOD HEART. A story for the Merry Christmas Time. By COUSIN CARRIE. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

MUSIC. "Awake the Sweet Anthem." A Christmas Hymn, arranged from a German Melody for the piano forte or organ. By the Rev. C. P. SCHNEKY, D. D. Philada., Lee & Walker.

TO EVERY LADY.

[A good friend sends us the following. The *moral* is so good, that we give it a place with pleasure.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

Dear Lady, let me recommend
To your esteem the "LADY'S FRIEND:"
In eighteen hundred sixty-four,
Twelve times to enter at your door;
A Friend you may esteem a treasure,
Its monthly visits quite a pleasure:
Oh yes, you say it's very nice,
But my objection is the price.
Oh, pause, dear Lady,—on reflection
You will not harbor this objection;
To pay that price—are you not able,
For such a book on your side-table?
The price too great!—is that the rub?
It is One fifty, *in a Club.*
Oh, do not pout,—a Lady's face
Looks best in smiles, in every place.
Remember this "Friend" will appear
Once every Month, all through next year,
Comes every month without once dodging,
Costs no expense for board or lodging;
'Twill be your own, at your command,
In your own dwelling, close at hand;
You are free to do just as you choose,
But will you, *will you*, now refuse?
"Oh, no," you say, "to make an end,
I'll be a friend to the Lady's Friend."

WM. BURTON.

☞ Get your enemies to read your works in order to mend them; for your friend is so much like yourself that he will judge very much as you do.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

Women's Pennsylvania Branch, 1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Mr. Caleb Cope, *Treasurer, N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor St., Philo.*

Sub-Committee on Correspondence.

Mrs. M. B. Grier, *Cl'rm'n.*
Mrs. H. H. Moore, *Cor. Sec.*
Mrs. Gronon Plitt, *Rec. Sec.* } Ex-Officio.
Mrs. W. H. Furness.
Mrs. Lathrop.
Miss M. M. Duane.

Among the reports read before the Board of the W. P. B., at their meeting held Dec. 7th, was one from our valued associate manager in Susquehanna county, from which we make the following extract:

Woodbourne, Dundck P. O., } Sus's Co., 11th month, 25th, 1863. }

"Allow me to preface my report by saying a few words respecting what had been done previous to your organization. On hearing that our brave soldiers were suffering, many were impelled to bring their sympathies into active play, by sending them comforts within the bounds of their circumstances from every condition in life. The very children vied with each other in their little offerings. When discouragements arose, at the expense and uncertainty of conveyance, the Sanitary Commission extended a helping hand, throwing into its noble enterprise that holy reliance upon the almighty power of our merciful God, which strengthens our feeble efforts, and cannot fail to prosper the cause to His eternal glory!

A renewed determination to work for those who are suffering from nobly defending our civil and religious liberties, is stirring the hearts of our people. Men and women are aiding in raising funds from various entertainments and voluntary donations, in which our friends of wealthier locations have contributed to the encouragement of feeble societies.

Many thanks are due for the interesting reading matter you have given me an opportunity of disseminating, and the high-toned, Christian letters received from members of your branch of the Sanitary Commission.

The following statement will show what has been doing by the different societies. Though there are several others organized whose reports have not come in, yet, I trust through our Heavenly Father's blessed influence, every township of this county will be represented.

Here follow reports of Apolacon township, Auburn, 2; Bridgewater, Clifford, Dimock, 2; Forest Lake, Gibson, Great Bend, Harford, New Milford, and Springville; and the report of our associate manager closes with the following lines:

"I am happy to state the members of all our Soldier's Aid Societies continue to work most energetically. There are 27 townships in this county. 23 Aid Societies are already organized. One township has 3 societies, 2 townships have each 2 societies, 3 townships send their contributions to Montrose society, and in two instances 2 townships act in concert. This leaves but few townships where there is no organized effort. On my return from the city I communicated with every township; to those who have not responded I have recently renewed my appeal.

"The variableness of the dates show they continue to come in, all of which is respectfully submitted. Sarah M. Walker,
Associate Man. W. P. B."

We clip the following from a Montrose paper as showing how much in earnest the people of Susquehanna county are in their work for the soldiers. We must add an interesting incident that occurred at this meeting, and which reached us through a private source. A woman arose and said, "I wish to tell you what the Sanitary Commission has done for me. It saved the life of my only son, and sent him home to me with warm clothing on, which bore the stamp of the Commission."

If we mistake not, this unsolicited, simple testimony was of more benefit to our cause there, than any argument could have been:—

Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society of Montrose.—The Soldiers' Aid Society of Montrose is certainly a favored institution. First, rooms are furnished for their regular meetings the year round, with necessary fuel, by one gentleman alone; delicacies for their comfort, as well as others to be sold for the benefit of sick soldiers or some other; sewing machines are supplied—only faulty in being *too good* to stay; saloons and furniture are offered them for their festivals or occasional entertainments, and freewill labor added, making these a perfect success; printers ask no fees; avails of concerts are tendered besides many an occasional dollar; boxes and barrels on hand, and when filled are dispatched by others; such is the encouragement the Society receives from the loyal men of the borough and neighboring townships. Three of the latter, viz: Bridgewater, Rush, and Jessup, having no Societies of their own, having contributed largely to the hospital stores sent out from Montrose. And now, to this list of favors must be added, this 14th day of Nov., another from J. D. Goodwin, Esq., who furnished a carriage seating six, to transport four of the officers, accompanied by the Associate Manager of the county, to Franklin, with a view to incite a discouraged society to renew their efforts. To make the carriage available horses must yet be provided, so one gentleman furnished a white horse, another a black one; still another supplied the harness, and a fourth installs himself driver.

The day is mild, the atmosphere having the dreamy haze of the "Indian Summer," the ride delightful. The delegation, find soon after reaching their destination, men and women of active sympathies accepting it, as they hear, by rumors of the arrival; and a meeting of the Baptist church is speedily decided upon. In the course of an hour the delegation (refreshed by a good cup of tea from their kind hostess) with fifteen or sixteen others, repair thither, and proceed at once to talk over the matter of the U. S. Sanitary Commission. For the comfortable reflections of care-worn women at home, it may not be amiss to say that the company is not composed of persons of the "nothing-to-do" character—far otherwise, knitting-making, and all the other-work of butchering, are readily laid aside, but the work of *some* is brought along, one instance in particular deserving honorable mention, the mother of eleven children has the eleventh in her arms, a babe of eleven months, and a quiet one at that; as, however, is undisturbed. Suggestions are made and canvassed and the result is the unanimous vote of the Franklin ladies present to exert themselves anew for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers, and to combine their efforts by a systematic organization. Officers are now appointed, and the day for their first meeting, Thursday, the 19th inst. Here, too, the services of the stronger sex are not wanting to give the revived Society a cash basis, which, if not large, still show generous giving. If Franklin has hitherto appeared sympathized less than other townships with the National soldier, the occupants of the carriage are confident a brighter record is hers for the future. C.

DONATIONS.

Philadelphia, Monday, Dec. 14th, 1863.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Germantown Field Aid, Mrs. S. B. Wister, 1 bbl.; First Presbyterian church, Mrs. William Purves, 3 pkgs.; Ladies' Hebrew Aid Society, Mrs. Samuel, 5 boxes; Roxborough Ladies' Aid, Mrs. R. L. Jones, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Cadwal'r H. Bowlie, 6 pkgs. woman's work; All Saints church, Torresdale, Mrs. S. Grant, 1 pkg.; Pineville Aid, Bucks co., A. S. Trego, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Bethlehem, Northampton co., Miss Rundel, 1 bbl. 1 box; Aid Society, Flemington, Clinton co., Miss McNaughton, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Dr. Brainard's church, 1 pkg.; Miss Sallie Martin, 1 pkg. pickles; Mrs. Roach, 1 box; Wenonah Sewing Circle, flannel shirts; Mrs. White, Fayetteville, Franklin co., 1 pkg.; M. E. church, Fayetteville, Schuylkill co., 1 box; Mrs. Raphaers, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Weldon, Montgomery co., 3 boxes, 3 bbls., Mrs. Russell Smith; Ladies' Aid, Altoona, 2 boxes, Blair co., Miss Charlotte S. Lewis; Aid Society, Allentown, Miss Carrie E. Wright, 1 pkg.; Industrial Branch, Miss Haven, 1 pkg.; Whitpain Ladies' Aid, Miss Sallie A. Canard, 1 bbl.; "Little Julia," 1 pkg.; St. Martin's church, Marcus Hook, 1 box; Aid Society, Middleburg, Tioga co., C. C. Adams, 1 box; Aid Society, Laporte, 1 box; Aid Society, Northumberland, H. Jenkins, 1 keg; Bald Eagle and Nittany Valley Ladies' Aid, C. J. Furst, 1 box, 1 keg; Mrs. Geo. Blakiston, Forty-second and Pine streets, 1 pkg. reading matter.

☞ In the arctic regions when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse at more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles.

☞ Western New York is a sort of Garden of Eden, so far as apples are concerned. It is the Orchard of America, the Cider Land of the new world. Monroe County alone has shipped off 400,000 barrels, and Orleans County 300,000.

☞ The Lafayette Courier knows a man in Lafayette, one of the stingiest men in existence, who has got an idea into his head that he will die before the 1st of January next, and is now engaged in wearing out all his good clothes for fear they will fit his wife's next husband.

☞ The philosopher takes his track by observation; the men of genius and the wild goose trust to an inner sense.

☞ Little Daisy's mamma was trying to explain to her the meaning of a smile. "Oh, yes! I know," said the child, "it is a whisper of a laugh."

☞ Sunshine.—Seclusion from sunshine is one of the misfortunes of our civilized life. The same cause which makes potato vines white and sickly, when grown in dark cellars, operates to produce the pale, sickly girls that are reared in our parlors. Expose either to the direct rays of the sun, and they begin to show color, health and strength.

☞ According to the Talmud, one party of the Rabbins allowed divorces when a woman had only been so unfortunate as to allow her husband's soup to be burnt.

☞ It is a pious and valuable maxim which says:—"A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity."

☞ Medical Practice.—Guessing at Nature's intentions and wishes, and then endeavoring to substitute men's.

☞ "I can't reconcile differences," said Septimus Hardup. "For instance, there is nothing more regular in its coming round than dinner time, and nothing less certain than dinner."

☞ A Mother's Love.—At the time of the Sunnyside disaster on the Mississippi, a mother and daughter were in the river together. A gentleman was asked by the mother to save her child. He replied—"I will try to save one of you, which?" The mother answered, "Save my daughter." At the risk of his own life, he plunged into the river and rescued the child. The mother was lost.

☞ At Saxe's lecture, in Cohoes, the other evening, a prize was offered by the managers to the gentleman who would bring the largest number of ladies. An individual named William Moore received the reward, having brought forty-eight fair damsels to the lecture.

A NEW MAGAZINE, FOR THE LADIES.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
OF
LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The subscribers would beg leave to call the attention of their friends and the public to the NEW MAGAZINE which they are about to issue, and the January number of which is nearly ready. The name will be

THE LADY'S FRIEND,

and it will be devoted to choice Literature and the illustration of the Fashions. It will also contain the latest patterns of Cloaks, Cape, Bonnets, Head Dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., &c.; with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies generally.

THE LADY'S FRIEND will be edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department, of the following

UNRIVALLED CORPS OF WRITERS:

Mrs. Henry Wood, Author of "East Lynne," &c.
Mary Howitt,
Mrs. S. S. Mandolfe,
Mrs. Dr. Dodsworth,
C. M. Townsbridge,
Margaret Hosmer,
Virg'a F. Townsend,
Mrs. M. A. Denison,
Clara Augusta,
Laura J. Arter,
Agnesy Bell,
Anna L. G——,
Charles Morris,
Helen M. Pratt,
Maggie C. Hoby,
Mrs. Anna Bache,
Lucinda B. Brower,
Carrie Meyer,
Mrs. M. F. Tucker,
Fanny M. Raymond,
Fred'k H. Sherfield,
Mrs. L. D. Sehars,
Caroline A. Bell,
Annie V. Kent,
Sophie May,
Harris Byrne,
Mrs. R. Z. Spencer,
Mattie Dean Britts,
Annie Russell,
Miss A. L. Muzzey,
Sara J. Bussey,
Clara Doty,
Harr't. W. Stillman,
Minnie May,
Arthur Hampton,
T. J'Chambers,
Barbara Brande,
and other talented writers.

HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING and a COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of Stories, Patterns, &c., too numerous to mention. The January number will contain a beautiful Steel Engraving, *designed expressly for this Magazine by Schrevelle*, and called

GABRIEL WILKIE'S RETURN.

This handsome Steel Plate illustrates a story of love, war, and a broken engagement, by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, and will be of itself, we trust, worth the price of the number.

A SEWING MACHINE GRATIS!

We will *give* to any person sending thirty subscriptions to THE LADY'S FRIEND and Sixty Dollars, one of WHEELER & WILSON'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES, such as they sell for Forty-five Dollars. The Machines will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, with the exception of freight.

In procuring subscribers for this Premium, we prefer that the thirty subscribers should be procured at the regular terms of Two Dollars for each, but where this cannot be done, they may be procured at our club rates, and the balance of the Sixty Dollars forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. *The Magazines will be sent to different Post-Offices, if desired.* Every person collecting names should send them with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their Magazines, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (thirty), and whole amount of money (Sixty Dollars), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

TERMS.

Our terms will be the same as those for that well known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *seventeen years*—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and will be as follows:

CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
2 copies, one year,	3.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, and one to getter-up of club,	12.00
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☞ Specimen numbers will be sent gratuitously (when written for) *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

☞ Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a *marked* copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

☞ The pit in the opera house at Vienna has no seats. The audience in that part of it are compelled to stand during the whole performance.

☞ A lady with an immense crinoline knocked over an unfortunate gentleman in London by a single sweep of her skirts. His head struck the curb-stone, and the shock was so severe that he died in a short time.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1864.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

"The Oldest and Best of the Weeklies."

The Proprietors of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—which paper is now in its *Forty-third Year*!—would simply announce in their Prospectus for 1864, that they design maintaining for their weekly the high character it has already acquired as

A FIRST CLASS LITERARY PAPER!

They have reason to believe that the stories of MRS. WOOD, author of "East Lynne," &c.; MISS BRADDON, author of "Eleanor's Victory," &c.; MARION HARLAND, author of "Alone," &c.; MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, and numerous other excellent writers, have been generally regarded as possessing the greatest merit and the most absorbing interest; and they design procuring for THE POST in the future as in the past, the best *Stories, Sketches*, and other *Literary Novelties* which they can possibly obtain. They intend commencing in the first paper in January,

A New Novel, by Mrs. Wood,

Author of "EAST LYNNE," &c.,

From advance sheets, expressly forwarded to us from England.

This Story will be called

"OSWALD CRAY,"

and will be about the length of "Verner's Pride" and "East Lynne."

In addition to the Stories written expressly for THE POST, its Editor also strives to lay before its readers, the best Stories from the English Periodicals. And gives, in addition to the Tales and Sketches, more or less Agricultural Matter, with a Riddle, Receipt, News, and Market Departments, every week.

A SEWING MACHINE GRATIS!

We will *give* to any person sending thirty subscriptions to THE POST and Sixty Dollars, one of WHEELER & WILSON'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES, such as they sell for Forty-five Dollars. The machines will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we prefer that the thirty subscribers should be procured at the regular terms of Two Dollars for each, but where this cannot be done, they may be procured at our club rates, and the balance of the Sixty Dollars forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. *The papers will be sent to different Post-Offices, if desired.* Every person collecting names should send them with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (thirty), and whole amount of money (Sixty Dollars), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

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One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,	3.00

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium may be either one or the other, as desired.

☞ The matter in the paper will always be different from that in the magazine.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address

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☞ Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a *marked* copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

☞ Reading in the Cars.—The attention of medical men, both in England and France, has of late been drawn to the ill effects resulting from the habit of reading while travelling by rail. Dr. Legrand de Saulle remarks that reading thus is extremely fatiguing to the eyes, and that this fatigue induces headache, and often pains round the eyes, with a slight congestion of the retina, which, when the habit has become inveterate and the subject advanced in age, may in the end determine a real congestion of the brain.

☞ One of the attractions offered by a low theatre in London, is a view of a ghost on a great pedestal outside of the building, from half-past seven to nine o'clock—gratis.

☞ Ladies, let your hair, teeth and complexion be false, if necessary, but let not your hoods be false; falsehoods are inexcusable.

☞ All lower natures find their highest good in semblance and seekings of that which is higher and better. All things strive to ascend, and ascend in their striving.

☞ An unmannerly wag being asked by the landlady of his boarding house why, being so tall a man, he ate so little, replied, "Madam, a little goes a great way with me."

Dr. Windship Raises Twenty-six Hundred Pounds.

Dr. George B. Windship now rules daily the extraordinary weight of twenty six hundred pounds. His office in Park street, Church Building, Boston, is daily thronged with the curious, as well as those who are desirous of learning the art of how to be strong. In one corner of the room stand his famous lifting apparatus. This consists of a solid frame-work of wood, about seven feet in height, with a platform about half way up, upon which the doctor stands to go through his daily exercise. A shoulder-bar and two heavy chains form the connection between himself and the weights, which are supported three feet under the platform and consist of iron discs of a circular form resting one upon the other, and held together by means of a stout iron rod running through the centre of each. Surrounding these discs are long, slim bars of iron, running from the platform to the floor, and so constructed as to admit of the discs being added to or withdrawn from the main body. They are arranged in this manner so as to graduate the weight—one being added as often as is required by the increasing strength of the practitioner. They are each of twenty-five pounds weight. The whole weight of the machine is two thousand and which is raised daily by Dr. Windship, 2,600 lbs. He thinks he shall continue his experiment until he can raise 3,000 lbs. This, he believes, is the practical limit for one of his organization and constitution, but he is of the opinion that man superior to him in these last mentioned points may be trained to raise far greater weights.

In another corner of the room a small horse-shoe magnet, suspended by a cord, attracts the attention of all visitors. Carefully centres upon this trifle from the following circumstance: Dr. Windship tested his experiments by suspending an ordinary horse-shoe magnet, and adding a little weight every day to the poles. Finding that the sustaining power of the magnet became at length very much increased, it occurred to him that the power of his own body might be wonderfully strengthened by subjecting it to a somewhat similar process. Putting in practice the idea thus suggested, he has succeeded in augmenting more than *six fold* his original lifting power, and that, too, without meeting with a single serious accident.

Among the objects of interest in the Dr.'s apartment, are an iron club of one hundred and thirty-seven lbs., a dumb-bell of one hundred and eighty, a lifting apparatus for patients, etc., etc.

We understand that the doctor does not advise carrying development to its extreme, yet he insists on a judicious course of graduated lifting, and exercises for the body, in connection with medical treatment, as an invaluable remedial agent in dyspepsia, biliary affections, general debility, and several forms of pulmonary disease.—*Evening Express.*

The Cotton Prospects for 1864.—The English journals continue to discuss the subject of the cotton prospects for 1864. The latest and fullest paper on the subject appears in the Manchester Examiner, in which the writer, after an exhaustive review of the facts in the case, presents the following results:—First, that the production of cotton in other countries than the Southern States of America is steadily increasing, the imports of 1863 exceeding probably those of 1862 by one million of bales, thus lessening exclusive dependence upon one source of supply; secondly, that the three countries which have shown the most desire to contribute to this result—Egypt, Turkey and Italy—possess advantages in climate, soil and facility of access to the English market, which enable them to compete successfully with the Southern States of America, not only in quality, but also in cost of production. The writer is confident that in a few years the coast of the Mediterranean will furnish an annual supply of two million of bales. Of India he does not take so hopeful a view.

Marriage Certificates.—It is especially important just now that clergymen in marrying a couple should not neglect to give a certificate of the marriage, or to make a register of it. In the case of the death of a soldier, his widow must have a certificate of marriage before she can receive a pension. A New Jersey paper, in speaking of this subject, as it respects that State, says:—"Upon searching the records within the past year for marriage certificates, nearly half the unfortunate widows have been turned away with the remark—'The clergyman performing the ceremony has neglected to comply with the law.'"

☞ The Prince of Prussia is by trade a printer. According to ancient usage in Prussia, all the Princes of the royal family must learn a trade. The Prince Frederick William learned the trade of a compositor, at the office of Mr. Hasel, at Berlin.

☞ The woman who was divorced from Aaron Burr, in 1833, on account of his infidelity, some time since put in a claim to the Revolutionary pension to which, as his wife, she conceived herself to be entitled.—The Attorney-General recently decided adversely to her claim, holding that she was not Burr's wife within the meaning of the pension laws.

☞ The large frogs in the tanks in India are said of an evening constantly to repeat, "Pay your debts. Pay me what you owe;" which a gruff old patriarch answers by, "No, I won't. No, I won't." One may every evening hear cats say, "Maria, Maria, won't you come out?"

☞ You cannot make a village or a parish or a family think alike, yet you may suppose that you can make a world pinch its beliefs or pad them to a single pattern.

☞ Tobacco Forbidden.—Queen Victoria has forbidden the use of tobacco in Windsor Castle—even in the Prince of Wales's apartments.

☞ Those who desire a "stable government," would probably be satisfied with a one-horse administration.

☞ A letter from St. Augustine, Florida, says the Government feeds about fourteen hundred residents of that place, most of whom are too indolent or too proud to work.

LATEST NEWS.

We have news from Fort Sumter of the rescue of the pirates of the Chesapeake by a mob of citizens at Boston, as the prisoners were landed from the Revenue Cutter when the Government officials were absent, and held till the pirates had been placed on board a boat, putting to sea from the Boston harbor. The Union Prisoners at Richmond, of which there were five hundred, were immediately left for Fortress Monroe.

The latest dispatches from General Grant are to Friday evening, 11 P. M. He says he is not inclined to pursue Longstreet in the direction of Atlanta. General Sherman is moving with Foster on Bristol and Knoxville, and will appear to be independent of any movement of Grant having occurred since that date.

A dispatch received from Memphis, Tenn., says that Forrest's cavalry, 5,000 strong, have been routed by Gen. Sturgis, and that the rebel army has destroyed the railroad track for a distance of six miles.

Gen. Weitzelbere holds the coast of Texas from the Rio Grande to within a hundred miles of Galveston.

☞ How to Teach a Parrot to Speak.—The most successful way of teaching parrots to talk is by repeating the same word or sentence very distinctly, and always in the same tone of voice, late at night and early in the morning. The bird's natural tone of voice should be as nearly imitated as possible. Patience in the teacher, however, is the great desideratum in this branch of bird education, as it is often necessary to repeat the same lesson as many as eight or ten times in succession. By this method I have been very successful in teaching a green Australian parrot, and I believe the common grey parrot is even more teachable than its relations of gayer plumage.

☞ The Prince Imperial of France is well grown, and is certainly a very noble, promising-looking boy, full of intelligence, and with a frank expression of countenance, which is exceedingly winning. Whatever of enthusiasm there may be remaining among the French nation for their rulers seems to be brought out when the youthful heir of the Napoleonic dynasty appears at any of their public shows.

☞ It is decided! The Empress Eugenie, mistress of the robes to Christendom, has put her foot down, and decreed the abolishment of hoops, and from her dictum there is no appeal.

☞ The Portuguese Government has built a gunboat! It has one gun!! It is called the *Terror of the Seas!!!*

☞ Horses have to suffer starvation in war as well as men. An officer having arrived at Chattanooga, inquired of a negro where he could find accommodations for his horse. "Don't know, sah, 'bout the 'commodations. De fance rails is all gone, and dar ain't nothin' far 'em to eat any more, only a few barn-doors, an' we want dem fur de general's hosses."

☞ The following is given as a certain remedy for fleas on dogs:—"Soak the dog for five minutes in camphene, and then set fire to him. The effect is instantaneous."

☞ The London Weekly Review, says that at the recent meeting of the Reformed Secession Synod of Holland every member, ministers, elders, audience, and all, smoked a pipe. The immense clouds of smoke did not, however, stand in the way of business.

☞ The Duke of Hija, a grandee of the first class, died recently in Madrid. The deceased Duke belongs to a family which possesses the curious privilege of receiving every year the old clothes worn by the Kings and Queens of Spain on the days of the Epiphany. The museum in which the "old clo" are placed is an object of much curiosity to visitors to Madrid.

☞ A man was arrested at Brockville, Canada, for being concerned in a stabbing affray. He was clearly innocent if to be believed, for he said he hadn't killed a man in three months.

☞ A Naples letter says that nearly 80,000 bales of cotton have been grown this year in Southern Italy, including Sicily. It is the Sea Island variety.

☞ A Great Economy.—Do those of our readers who have young children, know that the metal-tips for shoes are a great economy. A pair of shoes with the cheap metal-tips, will outwear probably three pairs which are untipped. Try them.

☞ Horace Churchill, (afterward killed in India, with the rank of major general,) who was then an ensign in the Guards, once entered Hoby's shop in a great passion, saying that his boots were so ill-made that he should never employ Hoby for the future. Hoby, putting on a pathetic cast of countenance, called to his shopman, "John, close up the shutters; it is all up with us; I must shut up shop. Ensign Churchill withdraws his custom from me." Churchill's fury can be better imagined than described.

☞ The merits of our Chief Magistrate as a sharpshooter are, perhaps, not generally known. Judge Crocker, of the Supreme Court, received recently, in a letter from a friend at Washington, a piece of paper about four inches by five in size, which had been used as a target by President Lincoln. Inviting a friend to go out and shoot at a mark for amusement, the paper referred to was put up. The President took a favorite revolving rifle, which shoots seven times. At a distance of sixty yards he struck the paper five times out of seven. The other two shots struck within a half-inch of the margin.

☞ A Boston paper discusses the interesting question:—"Was St. Paul a widower?" The learned authorities quoted favor the supposition that he was.

SUPPORT UNDER SUFFERINGS.

From the German.

BY MARY HOWITT.

There is a land where beauty cannot fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye,
Where true love shall not droop, nor be dismayed,
And none shall ever die.
Where is that land, oh, where?
For I would hasten there:
Tell me,—I this would go,
For I am weary with a heavy woe!
The beautiful here left me all alone,
The true, the tender, from my path have gone.
Oh, guide me by thy hand,
If thou dost know that land!
For I am burdened with oppressive care,
And I am weak, and fearful with despair;
Where is the land, oh, where?

Friend, thou must trust in Him who trod before,
This desolate path of life;
Must bear in meekness, as He meekly bore,
Sorrow, and pain, and strife.
Think how the Son of God
These thorny paths hath trod;
Think how He longed to go,
Yet tarried out, for thee, the appointed woe.
Think of His weariness, in deserts dim,
Where no man comforted nor cared for Him.
Think of the blood-like sweat
With which His brow was wet,
Yet how He prayed, unaided and alone,
In that great agony, "Thy will be done!"
Friend! do not thou despair,
Christ, from His heaven of heavens, will hear thy prayer.

THE MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE.

A DANISH TALE.

BY H. STEFFENS.

The north-western part of the isle of Zealand has a very bleak and lonely appearance. No plant can grow in the quicksand. Moveable sand-hills, the play of the winds constantly shifting their places, arise and disappear, to arise again at some distance. When travelling through the island, I spent an hour here, which impressed me with the idea of loneliness and desolation. While I slowly rode along on horseback, a storm arose in the north from the sea-shore. The river rose up, the clouds were driven along in the firmament, the sky grew darker and darker, the sand began to move in larger and larger masses under the hoofs of my horse, it was whirled about by the wind and filled the air. The horse sank deep into the loose sand. Sky and earth and sea were mixed up with each other, and everything was wrapped in clouds of dust and sand, so that I found it utterly impossible to see my way or to know in which direction to go. There was no trace of life or vegetation—the storm howled through the air—thunder rolling at a distance—and the flashes of lightning could scarcely penetrate the thick clouds of dust around me. The danger was apparent, when a sudden violent rain brought the sand to rest, and rendered it possible for me, wet to the skin, to find my way to the next little town.

In this dreary neighborhood there was, a hundred years ago, a village at a distance of about a mile from the sea-shore. The quicksands have buried the village; the inhabitants, most of whom were sailors or fishermen, have erected their cottages closer to the shore. Only the church, built on the top of a hill, is still in the same place, surrounded by the dreary moveable wilderness. It is in this church that the event took place which I am going to relate.

The venerable old country parson sat in his lonely room, being absorbed in pious contemplation. It was about midnight. The house was at the end of the village; its door was not locked, the patriarchal simplicity of the inhabitants being so great, that lock and key were almost unknown to them. The parson's lamp shone dimly, while the sullen silence of the house was only disturbed by the rushing of the waves. He heard that the door was opened, and heard manly steps approaching on the staircase; he expected that he should be summoned to give spiritual comfort to a dying man in his agonies. Two unknown men, wrapped in white cloaks, stepped into the room. One of them said, while approaching in a civil manner: "Sir, you will be kind enough to follow us; you must officiate at a marriage. Bride and bridegroom are waiting in the distant church. This sum," said he, pointing to a filled purse, "will sufficiently make up for your trouble and for your being startled by the unexpected summons." The old man stared at the foreigners, whose appearance seemed to him strange and awful—nay, even ghostlike. The man repeated his demand in a pressing and commanding manner. After having recovered from his astonishment, the clergyman began mildly to remonstrate that his office did not allow him to dispense with the due formalities, or to perform the sacred duty without knowing the bridal couple. Then the second of the strangers stepped forth in a threatening attitude. "Sir," said he, "you can choose. You follow us, and take the offered sum of money, or you remain; but then you are a dead man." He raised a pistol to his forehead, and waited for the answer. The old parson grew pale, rose up in fear and silence, dressed himself and said: "I am ready." The strangers had spoken Danish, but in such a way that there could be no mistake as to their being foreigners.

So they crossed the village in the silence of a dark autumnal night. When leaving it, the clergyman perceived with horror, that his church was brilliantly lit up. And forth in silence marched his companions over the lonely sandy plain, while he, absorbed in his reflections, with difficulty followed them. When arrived at the church-door, they bound up his eyes; he heard a well-known side-door opening with a creaking noise, and was pushed forward into a dense crowd. All around through the whole church he heard a whispering murmur; in his neighborhood, discourses in an unknown language, which he took for Russian. While thus standing in utter perplexity, with closed eyes, and pressed from all sides, his hand was taken hold of, and he was forcibly pulled through the crowd. At last the people gave way, the tie was taken off, and he found himself standing before the altar. It was adorned by a long row of wax candles, in magnificent silver candlesticks; the whole church was so well lit up by a great many candles, that the most distant matters could be distinctly recognised. The sullen silence of the great multitude filled now his soul with horror, as shortly before had done their murmurs. Sideways and pews were occupied by the crowd, but the middle passage was clear, and the minister saw deep below himself a fresh dug grave. The stone, that before had served to cover it, stood leaning against a pew. The minister saw nothing but man, except one woman, whom he could dimly recognise in a distant view. The stillness lasted some minutes. No one stirred.

At last a man arose, whose magnificent garments distinguished him from the rest, and manifested his high rank. He stepped resolutely through the empty passage, his steps resounding through the church, while stared at by the multitude. The man was of middle size, broad-shouldered, his gait proud, his countenance of a brownish-yellow color, his hair black, his features hard and severe, the lips spitefully closed, a bold aquiline nose increasing his commanding appearance; his little black eyes burning with a wild fire, overshadowed by a long dark bushy eyebrow. He wore a green coat, trimmed with broad gold lace, and a star shone on his breast. The bride, who kneeled at his side, was dressed carefully and magnificently. An azure robe richly trimmed with silver surrounded her slender figure. A diadem glittering with jewels adorned her fair hair. Her features were graceful and handsome, although distorted by anxiety. Her pale lips had a deathlike appearance, her eyes were dim with tears.

The clergyman, paralyzed by terror, remained for some time dumb in his position, when a savage glance of the bridegroom reminded him of the ceremony. A new perplexity for him was his doubt whether the bridal couple would understand his language. He composed himself, and asked the bridegroom what were their names.

"Neander, Feodora," answered he, in a coarse voice.

The clergyman began now to read the formula of marriage. His voice trembled. He was often obliged to repeat his words, but no one seemed to perceive his perplexity, whereby he was confirmed in his supposition that no one in his congregation perfectly understood his language, when he now proceeded to ask—

"Neander, will you recognize Feodora, who kneels beside you, for your lawful wife?"

He thought that, from ignorance of the language, the bridegroom might not answer the question; but the answer, "yes," was given in a loud, shrill, yelling sound, which, resounded through the whole church. Deep sighs coming forth everywhere from the surrounding congregation accompanied this terrible "yes," and a convulsion, like the flash of distant lightning, agitated for a moment the pale features of the bride. Directing his words to the bride, he said then—

"Feodora, will you recognize Neander, who kneels beside you, for your lawful husband?"

She answered by a perceptible "yes." The half eyeless bride awoke, as it were, from a deep dream, her pale lips shivered, her eyes flashed with a momentary fire, her breast waved up and down, a violent shower of tears extinguished again the light of her eyes, and her "yes" was heard like the anxious moan of a dying person, and found a willing echo in the multitude, expressed in involuntary sounds of sympathy, that came forth from all parts of the church. Some minutes passed in dreadful silence. Then, seeing the pale bride kneeling in her place again, the minister finished the service. His companions came forth again; tied his eyes up, pulled him with some difficulty through the crowd, pushed him out of the church-door, which was bolted inside, and left him in the open air.

Standing there in the dark, lonely night, he was for a moment uncertain whether the horrible event, with all its dreadful particulars, had not been only an anxious dream. As soon, however, as he had torn the tie from his eyes, saw the church brightly lit up, and heard the murmur of the multitude, he could not help being convinced of the dreadful reality. In order to learn the issue, he concealed himself on the opposite side of the church. The murmur increased; a violent altercation followed; he thought he heard the rough voice of the bridegroom imposing silence in a commanding manner; then a long pause; a shot was fired, the cry of a woman's voice was heard; another long pause followed; a noise like shuffling and digging ensued, that lasted almost a quarter of an hour. The lights were extinguished, the murmur rose anew, and the whole crowd rushed out of the church and hastened with a humming noise to the sea-shore.

The parson returned to his village, and, full of horror, told his friends and neighbors the wonderful and incredible things he had witnessed; but the simple fishermen could not be prevailed upon to believe in it. They thought that an unhappy accident had disturbed the imagination of their beloved teacher, and a few only, who were either curious or good-natured enough, could be induced to take a crowbar, a spade, and a shovel, and to follow him to the church.

Morning had dawned meanwhile; the sun rose, and while the parson, with his companions, went up the hill, they saw a man-of-war under all sail, leaving the shore and steering in a northern direction. Such an uncommon sight in this lonely neighborhood startled them; but soon they got still more disposed to waive their objections against the old man's credibility. They entered the church, full of curiosity. The parson showed the fresh grave to them; the tombstone was removed, and a new, richly adorned coffin was discovered. The lid was taken off, and the parson saw his dreadful foreboding confirmed. The murdered bride was in the coffin; a bullet had pierced her breast. The features of deep sorrow had disappeared from her countenance, heavenly peace glorified her face, and she looked like an angel. The old man threw himself upon the coffin, and wept over the fate of the murdered girl, while his companions were startled with astonishment and horror.

The clergyman sent a circumstantial written account of the event to his superior, the Bishop of Zeland, and prevailed upon his friends, until further notice, not to divulge what they had learned. A man of high authority in Copenhagen arrived soon afterwards in the village; he inquired for all particulars, caused the grave to be shown to himself, expressed satisfaction with the preserved secrecy, and ordered under a severe penalty, that no one should speak of the matter.

After the decease of the parson, a detailed written account of the event was found inclosed in the parish register. Some think that the event had some mysterious connection with the sudden and violent alterations in the Russian succession, after the death of Peter I. and the Empress Catherine. To explain the deep mystery of this horrible deed will, however, under all circumstances, be difficult, if not altogether impossible.

How far there may have been a historical foundation for the foregoing strange tale, we do not know. Many wild legends abound in the northern lands of Scandinavia, though few of them have been reproduced with the artistic effect of the Danish author Steffens. This tale has been immensely popular, not only in Denmark, but throughout Germany, and Schiller has given it to his countrymen in stanzas of terzine verse.

A GAME AT CROQUET.

[See Engraving on First Page.]

"I say, old fellow, the General told me to bring you up to this croquet party the day after to-morrow."

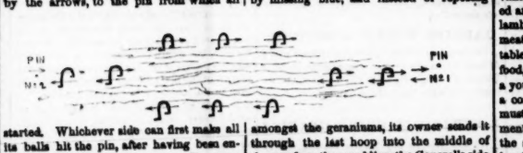
The smiling face of the speaker, a brother officer, appeared through the open doorway, as I was in the veranda of W—— Lodge, swinging in a hammock of West Indian grass, which I had brought to England after my wanderings in tropical climates. After learning what guests were to constitute the party, I gladly consented to make one of them.

Fancy a cloudless sunshiny day, with just enough of balmy breeze floating around to dispel the warm bolts of sunshine which showered upon the group met upon the grassy carpet—mown, rolled, and watered to allow the little croquet balls to glide freely over its glossy surface. The distant hills of the Isle of Wight (capped with the many varied tints of an afternoon vapor, which had risen up from the heated earth) bounded our southern view, while one of the stately homes of England, amidst its tall ancestral trees and the shrubs and geranium beds of its garden, inclosed the arena of combat.

The lawn was soon sprinkled with the croquet materials; hoops and sticks driven into the ground, and mallets in hand, all seemed prepared. But no, the sides are not yet chosen. The gentlemen, declaring they could not undertake the responsibility of selecting either partners or adversaries, gallantly leave the ladies "to fight it out," and they after a slight parleying choose the sides, and the game commences.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, I must tell that the necessary materials are ten iron rods in the form of a horse-shoe, both ends being driven into the ground;* as many colored wooden balls as there are players, and a like number of small mallets with long handles.

All start from pin No. 1, each side playing alternately, according to the colors which are marked upon it. The game is to strike the balls from this pin, so that they may pass through the seven hoops to pin No. 2, and returning after hitting it, go through the hoops (which are eight feet apart,) as shown by the arrows, to the pin from which all



started. Whichever side can first make all its balls hit the pin, after having been entirely round, wins the game. The term "croquet" is applied when a player hits, either by accident or on purpose, another ball; he can then put his own alongside, and, pressing it firmly down with his foot, by striking it with the mallet send off the other ball as far, in any direction, as he may think fit.

*The arches and starting pins have about seven or eight feet interval between each. There are variations in those distances, and in the arrangements of them, and rules among different players. The accompanying diagram will show the position of the pins, as usually placed.

The game continued about an hour; and although the number of the players in this mimic debate some times between the turn of each to forward his or her ball towards the desired goal, it was far from tedious, being interspersed with the lively jokes and sparkling repartee of the combating parties.

The game having been gradually carried on with much earnestness, towards its close anxiety for success had thoroughly engaged the attention of all, and deep and earnest were the consultations before each stroke. "Now, Pussy, if you can only hit black, you can then croquet him up to the walnut-tree; do try, dear. He is most dangerous; pray don't miss him." Black is fortunately hit; but when Pussy attempts to croquet him to the walnut-tree, she hits her own pretty foot instead of the ball, amidst the commiseration of her side, and the suppressed laughter of her adversaries.

"Oh, please, Colonel Lyon, don't send me far," says one, as the gallant warrior, having hit that dangerous yellow, is proceeding to send it (borrowing his own expression) into the middle of next week; "I let you off the last time. If you do," seeing Colonel Lyon's mallet about to hit a heavy whack, "I declare I won't give you another song for the next two months." An outburst of merriment follows this speech, the owner of yellow having only a few minutes before taken a most determined aim at Colonel Lyon's ball when but a yard and a half off, and as Mr. D. impertinently remarked, "well muffed hitting it." The Colonel is however merciful, and thinking, perhaps, of his future song, only sends yellow about fifteen yards away. "Now, Mr. D., I wish you would make haste and come through that hoop; you are falling quite behind."

All the balls, except pink and blue, who are on opposite sides, are now surrounding the winning pin, and the leader of D.'s side cunningly determined to croquet three of her antagonists out of the game, and is giving instructions to her sister Maggie, who is about to play. "Now, Maggie, make green hit the stick, and let red follow its example; you can then send croquet blue into the geranium bed, where it will lie harmless." Fortune, however, deserts Maggie, who puts out green and red in the way she has been directed, but fatally loses the day by missing blue, and instead of reposing amongst the geraniums, its owner sends it through the last hoop into the middle of the warfare, thus enabling the General's side to quietly croquet "out" four of their antagonists; and after sending Miss Maggie's ball well beyond the walnut tree, with such force that the General's mallet was nearly broken, blue and his friends in turn touch the pin, and win the hardly-contested battle.

Both victors and vanquished now meet around the tea-table, and there forget the rivalries of the stirring, healthy conflict. The shades of evening, with heavy dew, are now fast falling, and all part, we trust to meet again upon that grassy lawn for another game at croquet.

SUITABLE FOOD FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.

The material employed in building up the constitution of a little child should be those that, by their peculiar properties, are best adapted to develope the various parts of which the human body is composed. Modern science applied to the chemistry of food has, by its teaching, enabled us to tell why certain descriptions of food are more suitable than others to satisfy the wants of the growing frame. Just as a human being is composed of flesh, bone, and muscles, nervous tissues, and his flowing blood, so are the constituents of food designed to supply these several demands. The properties of food have been classified and distinctly explained, and under the head of Flesh-formers, Heat-givers, and Mineral matters, we renew our acquaintance with our old friends, bread, fish, and meat; butter, sugar, and beer; peas, cheese, oatmeal, and salt. In some of these articles various properties are combined; in others, as in sugar and fat, their use is limited to one purpose.

The chief considerations, therefore, that should influence us in the selection of food for infants are, firstly, its suitability to the child's powers of digestion, and, secondly, the component qualities that are essential to the support and growth of the human fabric. For obvious reasons, liquid food only is suitable to the digestion of a toothless child, and of all liquid food milk is the best; it combines every requisite of nourishment in a marvellous degree. Derived from the animal kingdom, designed for food, and for no other purpose, it is the highest form of nourishment for infants. Farinaceous articles are the next most suitable food to the growing child; they are flesh-formers, easy of digestion, and, in addition to other qualities, are great heat-givers. As in infancy the power of generating heat is comparatively small, the latter quality renders them important articles of diet. Barley meal, wheat flour, oatmeal, rice, arrowroot, &c., combined with milk, constitute generous and suitable nourishment until the appearance of the first molar or double teeth. After that period the highest form of nourishment is derived from animal food; but the transition from semi-liquid food to solid meat should be gradual. The safest method is to add certain quantities of beef-tea, veal, or chicken-broth to the thickened food already described. A child thus fed will thrive far better than when the change is suddenly made from liquid or farinaceous diet, to solid meat.

Mutton is essentially the most nourishing form of animal food for children—nourishing, because most easily digested. Beef is closer in its fibre, and consequently more difficult of digestion. For young children the under-cut of the sirloin of beef is best. Fowls take longer to digest, and are less nutritious than either mutton or beef. In fact, except as an agreeable change, poultry is not desirable as nursery diet. It is most advantageously prepared by being gently stewed and served in its own gravy. Pork, veal, lamb, and every description of immature meat, should never appear at the nursery table. Not that these articles are unfit for food, but because they overtax the strength of a young child's digestion without producing a corresponding amount of benefit; and it must always be remembered, that nourishment is only derived from that food which the stomach has power to digest. Before leaving the subject of animal food, I would make a remark to the effect, that children who, at a befitting age, are judiciously fed on meat, appear to attain a higher standard of moral and intellectual ability than those who live on a different class of food. Writing on this subject, Dr. Lankester says: "We find in the history of man, that those races that have partaken of animal food are the most vigorous, the most moral, and the most intellectual races of mankind. You find that the ancient Jews, although they had certain sanitary regulations with regard to killing and eating animals, partook largely of meat, and were amongst the most vigorous people of their day. We find, in modern Europe, that those nations who take the most animal food are the strongest; and amongst ourselves, it is just in proportion as we give our laborers animal food, or wages to procure it, that they are stronger and better able to do their work."

Now, although the above passage has reference to nations generally, and full-grown men, it applies with equal truth to young children in the nursery. In large schools, the observant eye of the master cannot fail to detect a corresponding amount of superior intellectual ability and generosity of spirit in those children who evince a preference for meat food. When motives of false economy dictate a sparing supply of palatable and wholesome animal food, the result is invariably attended with the consequences that might be expected from withholding one of the chief requisites of human life.

Fish, except as a change, is not desirable food for young children, owing to the kind of fish that is most nourishing to adults being difficult of preparation and digestion to children. Filleted soles, however, or plaice, stewed in meat gravy or beef tea, constitute a good meal. Cold fish, warmed with gravy and vegetables, to which an egg is added, is also good; but, in both cases, the chief nourishment is derived from the meat gravy and the egg. Melted butter is a very objectionable addition to fish for young children.

Eggs, if newly laid, are a most useful form of food for the nursery. Combined with farinaceous articles and milk, they may form a prominent figure on the table of dietary; eaten alone, however, two circumstances generally combine to render them highly injurious. The first is the condition of the egg itself, and the second is the manner in which it is cooked. Stale eggs, or French eggs, as they are termed in shops, from the large quantity of sulphur that they contain, often produce skin-eruptions, of which the cause is little suspected. In more than one child of my own acquaintance, it was possible to produce the appearance of chicken-pox at will by giving French eggs in the food. Supposing the egg is perfectly new laid, the best way to cook it is by boiling. For this purpose the basin should be made very hot; the egg should then be placed in it, and then some water should be poured in the basin to cover the egg (not pouring it on the egg lest it should crack;) the basin should then be covered with a saucer, and the egg left in steam for six minutes. Cooked in this manner, a new-laid egg is a highly digestible and palatable meal.

Vegetables should invariably form a portion of the daily meal; from the quantity of mineral substances that they contain, they are highly essential articles of food. To exclude them from a nursery dinner under any plea whatever, is leaving a positive demand of the growing frame unsupplied. In the same manner that certain farinaceous and animal substances are recognized as flesh-formers and heat-givers, vegetable substances, from the quantity of potash or mineral substance that they contain, "arrest certain changes that go on in the body, without which the blood is broken up, the bones become soft, and men can hardly use their muscles or exercise their brains."—Scurvy, in fact, would be produced, a disease which made an alarming appearance during the prevalence of the potato famine. One of the most justly popular vegetables, and one which, by God's providence, we are enabled freely to enjoy during the winter, is the potato. It contains largely of potash, a property that is essential to health.—Mealy potatoes are always greedily enjoyed by young children, and may be introduced into their food under a variety of forms.—Caution, however, must be exercised, lest they should be enjoyed to the exclusion of a higher class of nourishment. As an adjunct, not as a substantive article of food, the potato is invaluable. Carrots, turnips, cabbages, and many other vegetables, appear to combine, in an equal or less degree, many of the properties of the potato, but they are not usually relished by children in a separate form. This circumstance should not prevent the taste for them being cultivated at an early age. In the form of soup, or as a thickening to gravy, it would be difficult to find a more valuable diet.

Among the mineral substances that are essential to health is salt. A few grains of salt should always be introduced into a child's food; a diet deprived of salt is liable to create worms. Nature has implanted a natural desire for salt; its gratification in a moderate degree, is highly beneficial, from the time when the sucking-bottle is in use upwards. Milkmen in towns generally render the addition of salt in milk on the part of the parent unnecessary, salt being freely used in the adulteration of milk.

Sugar is also highly essential to all young children; some writer has even said that one-third of a child's food may consist of sugar alone. Without going to equal length of assertion, it may be remarked that an instinctive love of sugar is deeply implanted in the young of all creatures of the highest class of creation. Its action in early life appears to be especially adapted to assist the changes that are necessary to the conversion of food into that form which is necessary to the nourishment of the system. It is an error to suppose that the use of sugar causes decay of the teeth. The negroes of the West Indian Islands afford a ready proof that it has no such effect.

Space fails me to enter into more detailed particulars of the nature and properties of food; but the foregoing enumeration of the principal articles of food may suggest to the reader to seek for herself more ample knowledge. Of all the duties that devolve on the mother of a family, that of "ordering dinner" is second only in importance to the example of moral rectitude. It is a duty that should not be lightly undertaken, for life, health, and soundness of intellect may depend upon her word; and how can she guarantee a faithful discharge of her trust if she is ignorant of the nature of the agents she employs?

UNA.

BRIGHT DAYS IN WINTER.

Bright days in winter are as jewels set
Within the dark rim of an iron crown;
Or as the rich smile, almost never met,
Upon a face stern habit trains to frown.
The birds are joyous, and would fain forget
Their scanty food, and limbs numbed by the breeze,
Warbling low notes, which seem to say, not yet
Dare we pour forth our true-love melodies.
The leafless trees, adorned with shining moss,
And silver lichens on their rugged roots,
In the bright sunlight, half redeem the loss
Of their spring robes, or richer autumn suits.
Are not bright days stray links of the great chain
Of beauty, which encompasses the year?
They gently lead our memory back again,
And make the duller moments feel less drear.
The wild-fowl standing in the warming rays
Plume their gay feathers, or plunge within the pool,
Hiding their lustre in the sparkling sprays
They scatter from the water clear and cool.
The cattle move more freely o'er the plain,
The rooks second with cheering consolous sound,
And old men seek the genial air again,
And sunlight lures the insect from the ground.

☞ The Troy Times thinks that poets ought to be required to take out a license. Doesn't the Times know that poets are always allowed a license.

LOST LEWIE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

With shining blossoms on his bosom flung,
With waxen lids weighed down in slumber sweet,
The spell of silence on his merry tongue,
And on his dancing feet;
Let the hot tears drop burning on his brow,
He cannot feel them now.

II.

He cannot open wide those lustrous eyes,
Whose jetty lashes shade the marble cheek;
The rose has faded in his lips of ice,
He does not smile or speak;
Kiss his small mouth—no bubbling laugh comes out,
No boyish, mirthful shout.

III.

Yet while the light of waxen tapers falls
Upon his tiny form so mute, so white,
Beyond the posterns of the heavenly walls
The boy stands glad and bright:
And while we shroud our eyes, and weep and moan,
He kneels before the Throne.

IV.

Kneels with his dark, bright eyes, like stars aglow,
His young face rosy with celestial bloom;
No shadow on his brow, or robes of snow,
To tell us of the tomb.
Pain, Death and Woe? He hath exchanged all three
For Immortality!

V.

Sweet Lew! young hero! frank and fearless Lew!
Wild as the bird that knows no caged control,
Your spirit was too brave, your heart too true,
Too pure your childish soul—
To live and drain this cup of gall and strife,
Which men call human life;

VI.

To live and breathe this tainted atmosphere,
In which high aims are low, and low ones high:
In which the best of us from year to year,
Our frailties multiply;
And fall through weakness or through reckless daring,
To die at last despairing.

VII.

Ah! God be praised! dear Lew, that in His time,
His own good time, the gentle angels came
To waft you softly to the changeless clime,
Which knows no sin or shame;
To place you safely on the Shepherd's knee,
Housed from all misery.

VIII.

Oh, little face, which seeth things divine!
Oh, little, suffering hands, upraised in bliss!
Oh, little, well-known form in raiment fine!
Oh, child! we long to kiss!
Sing, from your happy heart, your rapturous song,
Among the angel throng!

IX.

Though you may never more make merry here,
With earthly little ones or earthly toys:
Though mamma miss your step upon the stair,
And the dear papa miss your happy noise;
And little sister, prattling, ask each day
Why Lewie stays away—

X.

Yet, darling child, we would not call you back,
We would not rob you of your new-born joy;
Smiles we may thirst for,—laughing prattle lack,
But Heaven is yours, sweet boy!
Fold up the dress, put by the well worn shoe:
God's arms are round him in a close embrace,
God's face bends smiling to his radiant face—
'Tis well with little Lew!

HOW THEY MARRY IN GERMANY.

For all information about weddings—about marrying and being given in marriage—commend me to a lady. Participating in the wedding ceremony equally, a man somehow has not so nice a discrimination—so delicate a tact—so quick an eye for detail in all that relates to marriage as is possessed by members of the gentler sex. (I like that adjective better than *softer*, as being less ambiguous.) Ladies, I fancy, are endowed with a special talent for the study of marriage alliances, descents, and pedigrees—such matters, in short, as pedantic individuals might call "the preliminaries, concomitants, consequents, and various relations of connubial life."

Did you never remark (if not, pray do—it is worth while) the difference of style between a man's and a woman's study of history? A man will seize the broad philosophical traits of a period—will draw together in imagination contemporary rulers, comparing their political deeds, and endeavoring thus to convey to his mind a right impression of the influence exercised by each in moulding the characteristics of an age. Thus: Given, the reign of Henry VIII.; a vivid picture will be presented to the male mind, *inprimis*, of the Reformation and its consequences; of Venice waning in national importance because of the discovery of America; of Turks elbowing their way into Europe, and of unfortunate Saracens fast being elbowed out of it; last, of contemporary monarchs and their doings.

To the female mind another set of memories would present themselves more vividly. To ladies, our British Bluebeard's unhappy wives would be the centre of attraction; and I suspect that some peculiarity of look or figure—something distinctive, whether of trait or gesture, about each one of Bluebeard's better halves—would be impressed on the memories of most female students of that portion of British history. For my own part, I remember, on this interesting topic, that Anne Boleyn was *petite;* that she had six fingers on one hand, if not on each (of which I am not sure;) moreover, that she was somewhat pretty, in despite of uneven teeth. I have a distinct memory, too, that Anne of Cleves—peacock-like—had not the prettiest of feet; and that Catherine of Aragon introduced the fashion of wearing whalebone in stays. Beyond these slight, unsatisfactory, and meagre details, my memory has nothing more authentic to fall back upon in this department than the wax-work models of Madame Tussaud.

These being my sentiments, the above my testimony, it is no marvel that, when the desire of knowing something about what in Germany are called "silver weddings," and "golden weddings," came upon me, that I should address myself for information to a German lady.

She sat down, and applied herself to the task of exposition, with the true gusto of one who is about to be employed on some highly congenial occupation. Some of my readers who are acquainted with Eastern romance may remember how, at the end of each day's march, little paunchy Fadladeen sat himself down, shut his little eyes—the better to favor meditation—and pronounced his opinions oracularly; all the while he did so, never ceasing to intersace his little fingers, and twirl his little thumbs. Whenever a "party" falls into this attitude, and adopts this bearing, it is a sure sign of some highly elaborate utterance speedily coming to pass—of the intention to deal with the case in hand from the beginning onwards, to exhaustion. Such was the attitude and bearing assumed for the occasion by my German lady informant.

"The silver wedding," said she, musingly, "the golden wedding. Oh, yes; but I will begin with the real wedding. No (after a pause;) I must go back farther—must begin with the 'polters abend.' No; farther back still: in short, with the beginning."

Somewhat apprehensive that my fair informant would commence with the birth, rearing, and education of the two illustrative lovers that were in process of time to become two spouses (bride and bridegroom,) lastly, husband and wife; not forgetting to expatiate on the little ruffings which disturb the current of all true love, I ventured to tell my fair friend that the very slightest notice of preliminaries would suffice for the occasion. She bowed assent.

"When, in Germany, a gentleman experiences a tender sentiment for a lady," (thus spoke my informant,) "the first thing he does is to speak to her mamma and papa. If mamma and papa look approvingly, then the gentleman asks consent to pay his addresses to the young lady; if not, there the matter ends."

I opened my eyes.

"Has the young lady nothing to say on her own behalf?" demanded I.

"Not much; 'tis not like in England. We do things differently in Germany. Our way is better—far better."

"Why *better?*" I somewhat hurriedly exclaimed; more hurriedly, perhaps, than might have seemed polite.

"*Why better?*" she echoed; "simply *because it is.*"

I could not be otherwise than satisfied with the lady-like logic of the answer.

"If the lady's papa and mamma see no objection, and if the gentleman's papa and mamma see no objection, the two young people exchange rings, become engaged, call themselves bride and bridegroom, and advertise their engagement in the newspapers."

"Pleasant," thought I.

"But if the lady should happen to see a gentleman she loves better," remarked I, deferentially.

Quick as quick could be, my last words were caught up.

"A woman never loves twice," observed my informant. "Women are not like men."

I did not argue the point, but went on, quite deferentially, to suggest the hypothetical case of change of feeling and opinion on the gentleman's part.

"A German young gentleman is only too happy to get a good wife," said she. "*He* doesn't want to change his mind. *He* wants somebody to clean his pipes, cook for him, make his coffee, and bring his slippers. Germans are quite different from Englishmen."

"Different! How? Why?"

"*Because they are,*" said she.

I could not be otherwise than satisfied.

"If engagements are thus irrevocable," I inquired, "why don't the young people get married at once?"

It was a stupid question; I ought to have reflected upon the pecuniary means. That was not, however, the point of view from which my fair questioner contemplated the marriage postponement.

"The bride and bridegroom wait a long time—years sometimes," she informed me—"occupied in studying each other's characters. Moreover, it is a pretty practice, at least, in some parts of fatherland, for the lady, however poor, to furnish the house and find all the linen."

It was explained to me that a lady's want of dower did not prevent this, inasmuch as each of her friends would give a present—none of the trumpery trinkets such as people give in this country, but good, substantial household goods—one, a wheelbarrowful of crockery, we may say; another, a stove; yet another, what shall we say?—a bed, perhaps, and thus to every detail. In Germany almost the majority of people are Government *employes;* and in this case a man's income is known to the farthest penny. A young lady does not expect to begin wedded life with all the luxuries dwned by her parents.

"At any rate," continued my informant, "early marriages are more frequent in Germany than in England; and inasmuch as the battle of life is more easily fought in Germany than here, I am disposed to think that, upon the whole, married life is happier. The wedding day being fixed, we come to the 'polters abend.'

"If you consult your German dictionary," said she, "you will find that 'polter' means a great noise—what your English boys call 'kicking up a great row.' Well, bride and bridegroom's friends meet together on the evening before the wedding, and eat and drink and make merry together. As to amusements, they are a matter of taste, and vary, as you may suppose, with the rank of bride and bridegroom; but singing, dancing, music, and blindman's-buff are usual. Well, the next day comes the wedding, of which I need remark no more," observed my fair informant, "than what may seem to you, an Englishman, the peculiarity of an *exchange* of rings—one being given by the gentleman to the lady, the other by the lady to her husband. This exchange I consider fair," musingly, and a trifle dogmatically, remarked my informant.

"And next the honeymoon," began I, leading off into a new train of communications.

"Well, no," she said; "not a honeymoon, in your English sense, for the whole married life of a German couple is one lasting honeymoon" (if there be any exceptions my fair informant leaves them inferentially;) "they never bicker, never get tired of each other. Incomes are mostly small, but certain; hence there is no money anxiety. People, knowing what they have to live upon, live upon it. Everybody being aware of the extent of everybody else's means, there is no field afforded for the display of that sort of small pride which shows itself in living or dressing beyond one's means. German ladies make the best of wives," continued my informant, the German lady. "They put their husbands more than is the custom with English ladies; are, in short, more solicitious. A German lady does not *order* her husband's pipe and coffee, but herself fetches them. She brings his slippers as a matter of course; and, as for his dinner, the cooking of it is sure to be at least superintended by the lady; still more probably she will have cooked a portion of it with her own fair hands; and there is none of that shabby evasion of cooking implied by cold meat—no yesterday's mutton bone—a thing so dreaded by some husbands. You have a custom here in England, they tell me, of presenting a flitch of bacon to any married couple who can prove that they have not quarrelled for seven years, and that neither has desired to be unmarried. To carry out this practice in Germany would be impossible: pigs enough could not be laid hold of to supply the bacon. So you see if it should please God to grant twenty-five years of married life to a German couple (being an equivalent expression to twenty-five years of married happiness), it is strictly natural to suppose that some sort of rejoicing should take place. The ceremonial of that rejoicing constitutes what is known by the appellation of 'silver wedding.' Twenty-five years is a long span; people's tastes have altered in that time. Singing, dancing, blindman's-buff—'polters abends'—amusements, in short, would be out of place. There is a quiet meeting of friends, for all that; and on the morrow there will be what you may call, if you please, another wedding. The couple go to church, where a service appropriate to the occasion is read, and this is called the 'silver wedding.' Oh, I forgot to tell you that presents from friends come dropping down; presents of remembrance, more than of utility this time, as you might have inferred, considering the thoughtfulness of the people.

"And lastly now, about the 'golden wedding.' Alas! it falls not to the lot of many married folk to number fifty years of married life. Death, in most instances, has been laying his cold hand on man or wife ere then. It happens sometimes, however—the occasion for this golden wedding—and when happening, it is celebrated with all the visible ceremonials of tender regard and devout thankfulness, that you might have expected from a thoughtful and imaginative people.

"There, now, I have told you all about the silver and golden weddings," said the German lady.

I thanked her, and went away musing. Making all allowance for a certain exaggeration in the style of her recital, (an exaggeration, the product of strong national feelings,) I cannot but think that much that the German lady told me is worthy of our regard.

THE WHITE WOLF,

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY J. WALKER MACBETH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE LITTLE ROOM.

Broom-Blossom held up as best she could the sleeping Captain in the saddle. She would not confess it to herself that the toll was too much for her; but she had but sixteen summers, and her strength was rapidly giving way. Fortunately, violent as was the narcotic administered by Allan, it could not long resist the movement of the horse. At the end of some minutes, the limbs of Didier, through their whole extent, underwent slight convulsions, showed that the unnatural slumber was passing off.

It was one of those rare nights when the Breton autumn unwrinkles its severe brow, and forgets to enwrap itself in its eternal mantle of fogs. The moon hung brilliantly in the centre of a limpid sky. A fresh breeze ran among the trunks, century-old, of the avenue, and came like a mighty censer that flung from it on all sides the sharp perfumes of the acorns. The lofty summits of the oaks swung slowly and harmoniously, shaking here and there on the heath the dews that shone on them like diadems. Assuredly, it would be difficult to imagine an awakening more fantastic and more delicious than that which awaited Didier. For some seconds he thought he was tracing out a strange dream. He conceived himself borne on by a horse at the gallop, and heard vaguely in his ear the sounds of a beloved voice. His eyes wished to open; but he kept them obstinately shut, to preserve his illusion.

But the forest-breeze came more and more coldly on his brow, and chased away the last mists of the opium. He lifted his dull eyelid at last, and saw the charming face of Broom-Blossom bent toward his own, and so near that her blond hair caressed his cheek sweetly. He put his hands to his eyes, astonished at the persistence of this strange dream. She put away his hand playfully, and he was forced to look at her again.

"Is it you, then, really," murmured he, while fixing himself firmly in the saddle, with the instinct of a cavalier; "you here, on horseback, at this hour, with me?"

"It is I, indeed," said she; "I shall explain to you this mystery. But do you suffer no pain?"

"I do not know," he replied. "I have need of repose. My skull seems to weigh on my brain like a leaden helmet. Let us dismount, dear Marie."

They had passed the last trees of the long avenue, and the dome of the forest was over their heads. Marie glided from the croup, and touched the sward.

"Where has my strength gone," he said. "Keep me from falling!"

He dismounted, took a few wavering steps, then sunk at the foot of a tree, and dropped asleep immediately. Marie led the horse into a thicket, put Didier's head on her knees, and remained motionless. He was saved; she was happy, and watched with delight over his slumber. A quarter of an hour scarcely had glided by, when she heard the sound of steps in the path. She held in her breath, and saw first of all four men, each of whom carried the arm of a hand-barrow on which a fifth was stretched, tied with cords. These four walked in silence. They passed. Then a dull noise resounded in the direction of Tremlaya, increased incessantly, and approached rapidly. Marie, alarmed, drew the Captain into the thickest of the bushes. Almost at the same instant a band of Wolves rushed into the path. They went no longer silently, and trying to stifle the noise of their steps, as when Jude had encountered them some hours before. It was all disorder and wild joy. They ran, singing or chatting gayly. On their shoulders clanked joyously great sacks, stuffed full with gold pieces of six livres each. The prize was a large one; the night had passed in pillage, and in an orgie. It was a time of triumph for the men of the forest. Last of all came their leader, not sharing in the tumultuous joy of his companions, but sad, his head on his breast.

Soon all was silent again: there was heard only that mysterious harmony that comes down, through the fair night, from the swinging tops of the mighty trees of a forest. The hours rolled on. It was not until the breeze, getting somewhat stronger, announced the approach of daybreak, that Didier overcame his lethargy. But his limbs refused to move. On awaking, he was astonished as at first, and put question on question.

"You are with me," replied Marie, "would you be elsewhere? Come, I have a little room in my father's cottage. Let me give you an asylum."

"But why not go to the castle? There is in all this a singular mystery, which I try in vain to comprehend. My ideas are confused. I remember vaguely of an irresistible sleep that seized upon me yesterday at Vannoy's table. What has happened, Marie? I wish to know."

"You will know all," replied she, smiling; "but your limbs are chilled; I cannot bear to see you tremble thus; it pains me to the heart. Come, I will put you in a good bed, and will watch over you, as a mother over her child. But come, now."

Didier, vanquished by his morbid numbness, had neither force nor will to resist her. The two remounted; the horse galloped in the direction of the crossway in mid forest. A hundred feet from the cottage Marie dismounted.

"Remain here; my father must not see you." She advanced quietly to the Lodge. The door was open. "My father!" cried she, looking in.

No one replied.

"He is not there," thought she. "God be praised. Didier will have shelter."

She hastened to meet him, and took him by the hand. The two reached the cottage.

"Hush!" said she, "walk gently."

They crossed the dark, low room where Jude and Pelo Rouan had met; then Marie opened the door of her chamber, simply, but neatly and comfortably fitted up, and led Didier in.

"Now," said she, securing the door inside, "we are safe! You are under my protection. My father never comes in here."

She had not perceived, while crossing the outer room, two eyes, red and flaming, that shone behind the heap of straw that served as a couch for Pelo Rouan. As she passed, these eyes beamed with a fierce brilliancy. When she had passed, they quickly changed their position and rose several feet. It was Pelo Rouan who was stretched on the straw, and who now rose to his knees.

"I thank God," he murmured, with hatred, "that He has given me the eyeballs of the fallow deer; eyes that see in the night. I know that it is the accursed Frenchman. Poor Marie!"

These last words were pronounced in a tone of profound tenderness and paternal pity; but this did not prevent him from taking down the old musket hung on the wall, or from loading it with two balls and a large charge of powder. This done, he went out, climbed up without any noise and almost without apparent effort, an upright trunk of a birch tree, planted before Marie's window, whose branches stretched over the cottage. He seated himself on one of these branches, so that concealed by the trunk, he could look into Marie's room. At this time the window was shut. He waited motionless. Half an hour after, the eastern sky took a rosy tint: the shades brightened little by little; the birds began their joyous chant among the foliage.—Broom-Blossom opened the window. The whole soul of Pelo passed into his eyes.—Before going back to the middle of the apartment, Marie, as she did every morning—bent on her knees, joined her small white hands on the window, and offered up her prayer to her God. Then she returned to the bedside, towards her half-benumbed patient, and gave him a glassful of milk.

The little room looked like a little nest, all fresh, and we might say elegant; especially as contrasted with the sombre large apartment in which Pelo slept. The walls were spotlessly white, and sprinkled over with bunches of fumatory, a pretty flower which, as the people of the forest believed, had the property of driving off fever. Opposite the window, a little bed of black oak, without feet or curtains, but arranged with great nicety, gave the small room an aspect of maidenly austerity. Above the bed was a small figure of the Mother of Jesus, and a branch of laurel-flower; there were besides a chair or two; a round table of black walnut, a neat chest of drawers, a half dozen baskets of honeysuckle, woven in a variety of fanciful forms, and which Broom-Blossom had appropriated to her wants, so as to serve her in the room of handboxes, wardrobe, and trunks.

Didier occupied the bed. Marie drew near without shame, and fearless, and fell on her knees; void of the thought of evil; above bashfulness, as was the forest woman when she came immaculate and almost divine from the hands of the Creator. Didier gazed upon her with tenderness and respect. The two smiled on each other, and tasted in silence that infinite happiness of young love, which poets feel but cannot paint, because human words are weak to depict such rare and fleeting felicities.

Day arrived. Till then Pelo Rouan had been able to distinguish nothing in the little cell of a room. He perceived at last the manly lines of Didier's profile on the snow-white pillow.

"What is this?" said Marie, suddenly, pointing to the medal that Miss de Vannoy had suspended round the Captain's neck. Didier took the medal, and seemed greatly surprised.

"What is it, do you ask?" he replied slowly. "This forms all the titles and deeds I possess. It is the relic, I have always thought, of a poor woman, my unfortunate mother, put by her misery and her shame in the hands of the Sisters of Charity, as she had escaped one night from the castle where I had just left. For a year I have sought for it in vain. Surely this has been a work of magic."

Marie examined the medal attentively.

"It is strange," said she at last, "I have seen exactly the same." She took a candle, and hastened to the window to examine them.

Pelo, who had for five minutes been waiting for Marie to pass from between him and the Captain, rammed a ball of lead, and took aim. He covered the Captain's breast with the end of his musket; he rose on the point of firing. The cry of Marie turned off his attempt; his look fell involuntarily on the two medals. He threw the musket from him; an exclamation of the greatest surprise escaped from his lips. Many blood rushed into her father, and was succeeded with terror.

By a first movement, wholly instinctive, she would have thrown herself back, in order to shut the window, but Pelo Rouan stopped her by an imperious gesture, and put his finger on his mouth to command silence. Didier had closed his eyes, to abandon his spirit to some sweet reverie of a happy lover. Pelo glided along one of the branches of the birch, reached the straw roof, and came in at the window. He took the two medals, and examined them with the utmost attention. Then he put his daughter aside, and advanced toward the bed.

"Do not kill him, my father; oh do not kill him," she cried, weeping.

Didier, at this cry, strove to rise; but Pelo was beforehand with him; and placed his heavy hand on the young officer's chest. For several minutes he looked at the Captain in silence. As he gazed, an emotion ever increasing depicted itself on his features; tears flowed from his eyes. He fell on his knees; he kissed Didier's hand with a respect full of love.

"What means this, my brave man?" asked the astonished Captain.

"His voice too?" murmured Pelo; "his voice as well as his features? And yet I did not recognize him! I understand now why Vannoy sought to assassinate him, and I—who was going to let him do it! Who then has saved him in my place?"

"I did," said Marie, feebly.

"You!" repeated Pelo Rouan, pressing his daughter with exultation to his heart. "Thanks, thanks, with all my soul. You have done what I ought to have done. You have loved him, when I blindly hated him. You have given him your couch when I was aiming at his life. Pardon!" added he, turning to Didier, who remained astounded, understanding nothing of all this; "Pardon, my young Master George!"

"George!" stammered the Captain—"you deceive yourself."

"No! no! I do not deceive myself. This medal which Providence has caused me to recover, it was I who put it round your neck twenty years ago, on the terrible night when Vannoy tried to kill you;—for he has sought your destruction now for many a day. And I who was afraid—greatly afraid, when I saw you wandering under the trees all alone with Marie; as if a Treml could deceive a young maiden; as if all that is good, noble, generous, trustworthy, was not to be found in the Treml heart!"

"But," still objected Didier, continuing incredulous—"in all that you have just said, I see no proof."

"No proof! Your eye, is it not that of old Nicholas Treml, the holy old man, whose soul is now with God? Your voice, your age, the medal, the hatred of Vannoy, who has stolen from you your immense heritage! Hear me," added he suddenly springing to his feet—"you were then nearly six years; and God has given me a face that no one can forget who has once seen it."

"I do not recognize you," interrupted Didier.

Pelo darted out of the little room. There was heard in the neighboring apartment, the noise of water agitated and rushing to the ground; then there was silence; then again, a man of great height, clothed in rabbit skins, and whose face was wan as death, came quickly into the room, and reached with one bound the bed where Didier lay. At sight of this man whose white locks fell thickly on his shoulders, Didier experienced a strange commotion. He passed his hand over his forehead several times, as if to seize a rebellious recollection. The man stood there, before him, motionless, a prey to a visible and violent anxiety. At length, Didier seemed to see clearly with his memory. A deep flush covered his cheek, and his mouth opened almost involuntarily to pronounce the name: "John Blanc!"

Pelo Rouan struck his hands against each other with a delirious joy.

"He remembers my name," cried he with tears in his eyes; "my true name. He remembers me!"

"Yes," said the Captain. "I do remember you, and much else. A world of remembrances rushes on me. I did not deceive myself, yesterday, when I thought I recognized the hangings of that chamber."

"It was yours in the old time. May God of mercy be blessed, who has not fered the valiant trunk to perish in its branch."

There was a moment's silence. The C tain was collecting his remembrances

Broom-Blossom was laughing, weeping, and talking God. Pelo Rouan or John Blanc, bent over the head of his young master, was enjoying the fulfillment of bliss that filled his soul. After some minutes he stood up. His eyebrows frowned slightly, and all his features expressed a grave resolution.

"And now," said he, "George Tremal, you are a Breton and a noble; you must be put in possession of the whole heritage of your ancestors, Nobility and Fortune!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE TRIBUNAL OF THE WOLVES.

John Blanc did not need to give a long explanation to his young master, who knew his own history in great part, having heard it from the mouth of the faithful equerry, though not at the time knowing that there was the slightest connection between himself, Didier, a soldier of fortune, and George Tremal, the representative of a powerful family.

Circumstances make men, they say. This proverb is true in one sense, and it seems to us, much to the credit of human nature. Who can deny that the son of a great house, despoiled by an infamous fraud—natural protector of a suffering population, should not in other circumstances comport himself as a careless soldier, having no other mission than to fight bravely and faithfully, and to enjoy himself now and then. But in becoming George Tremal, he felt at once how much his name and the memory of his fathers exacted of him. From a brave soldier, he became a strong, deep thinker.

"I must return to Tremlays. I must deal with Mr. de Vanney."

"I hope so," responded John Blanc, with a smile, the significations of which the Captain could not seize; "go to Tremlays, Mr. George; and wait there for Mr. de Vanney."

Before leaving John Blanc the Captain shook his hand most warmly.

"It ought to be in truth a noble race—this of Tremi," said he. "I am right glad to have this good blood in my veins. No family, base in spirit, could have dependants such as you. I thank you with my whole heart."

"Jude did better than I," replied the other modestly. "Jude died for you. He deserved that blessing and distinction. He loved you so much."

"Noble Jude," murmured Didier; "his was a heart faithful and pure."

"He was a Breton," interrupted John Blanc. "By-the-by, my lord, you must let us forget that ever you wore the uniform of France."

The Captain replied not. He buckled on his sword belt, put on his hat, and prepared to set out. On the threshold was Marie, who leaned against the wall, and whose joyous smile was gone. A sad thought had come to dim her gladness. She was asking herself what bond could exist between a charcoal-maker's daughter and the heir of Tremi. Passing near her, the Captain pressed her to his heart.

"John, my friend," said he smiling, "you would have been very wrong to have killed me, for I have ever treated Marie as if she were a lady of high degree; with true respect and honor; and if God give me life, it will be so hereafter that all the world will treat her."

Marie regained her gladness. The Captain departed. Pelo Rouan approached his daughter and kissed her forehead.

"Child," said he with a voice grave and sad—"you are my only joy in this world, and I love you as the memorial of your mother. But there must be no hope. The Tremis never made a misalliance, and so long as I live my daughter will never be his wife."

Broom Blossom grew pale and bent her head on her bosom.

"Then I must die," she murmured.

"God will give you grace to forget him," replied he; "and if not, our life belongs to Tremi."

He put on his dress as charcoal-maker once more, and kissing for a last time the colorless cheek of his daughter, he left the lodge in his turn. Marie knelt in prayer; then, overcome by her tears, and by the extreme fatigues of the night, she was subdued by sleep.

Two hours after, the subterranean caves of the Wolf Den presented a strange aspect, almost solemn. There was no longer that disorder which we found the first time we penetrated thither; the Wolves, ranged methodically, masked and armed as for fight, formed a circle, standing, around the table of the elders. These last were unarmed, and flanked, four on one side, four on the other, a chair raised two steps above theirs, where was throned the White Wolf. A profound silence reigned throughout the cavern.

At the end of some minutes the ranks opened and gave passage to a man pale and trembling, whose visage expressed deadly terror. This man was Hervey de Vanney. Two Wolves escorted him to the table at which my the eight elders, presided over by the King of the Wolves, the White Wolf.

"Master," said one of the elders, addressing the chief respectfully, "it has been done according to your will. Here is the assassin at the feet of our tribunal. Do you wish to question him?"

"And it is my wish," replied the White Wolf, as other Toussaint rose.

"Speak, de Vanney," said he, "twenty brethren have died through you; their blood weighs on you; you will die if you cannot prove your innocence to us."

"We made a bargain," stammered Vanney; "I have fulfilled my engagement; you have the five hundred thousand livres. Why do you not keep your word?"

"Our word is nothing; that of our chief is everything; you had not his word. Make some other defence, and be quick. Yaume," added the old man without showing the very slightest emotion—"get a rope ready."

A cold sweat poured down Vanney's face.

"My good friends," he cried, "have pity on me. They have calumniated me to you. I have always loved my poor vassals of the forest. As to the fixture, I will do still more for you. I—"

"Silence!" interrupted the severe voice of the White Wolf; "you lie."

"Is the rope ready, Yaume?" demanded Father Toussaint, with great good nature. Yaume replied in the affirmative, and Vanney turning his eyes to one side, saw a rope swaying to and fro in the half darkness that reigned behind the close ranks of the Wolves. His whole body trembled convulsively.

"Wretches!" he shouted, with the rage which is excited by terror, "by what right do you judge me; me, a gentleman and your lord? I shall be avenged. Your retreat will be destroyed and you with it. But no, my excellent friends; mercy, mercy in God's name. On my salvation, you misjudge my feelings towards you. If you could ask Mr. de Bechamell, or my servants—"

"Do you wish us to question your servants?"

"I wish it," cried Vanney, rallying at this frail hope, and desiring besides to gain time; "they all will tell you of my tender feeling for the people of the forest."

"So be it!" interrupted Father Toussaint. "We shall not refuse that much."

Vanney breathed freer.

"Come here!" continued Toussaint, addressing two Wolves who were at the right and at the left of Vanney. They stepped forward, and at a sign from the old man, took off their masks. Vanney uttered a cry of agony.

"Yvon!" he murmured; "Corentin!"

"Well," continued Toussaint, "your people will tell us how kind to us you were."

"Mercy," interrupted Vanney, falling on his knees.

The tribunal consulted for a minute. The White Wolf took no part in the deliberation.

"Hervey de Vannoy," said at last old Toussaint, slowly, "the Wolves condemn you to die by the rope, and you will now be hanged, unless the chief advise otherwise."

The White Wolf arose.

"It is well," said he. "Let Yaume keep near the rope. You others, withdraw."

The order was executed as if by magic. The cavern was lighted up from a distance, giving to view immense subterranean galleries and interminable vaults. The Wolves retired on different sides, and soon their torches appeared like luminous points, while they themselves, lessened by the perspective, and strangely revealed in the midst of the night, seemed to be beings having the human form, but fantastically small—hobgoblins, or those demons who dance under the moonbeams, on the moor, around solitary crosses, and whom the good folks of the Rennes country learn to fear in infancy under the name of "Docked Cats."

Vannoy was still on his knees. The White Wolf came down the steps of his throne, and went to him.

"Rise," he said, spurning him with his foot. Vannoy rose. "You are a dead man," said the chief, "if I do not put my sovereign authority between you and them."

"At what price must I buy my life?"

"Your life? at no price will I sell you your life, assassin of my father and of my wife."

"I!—I! but I do not know you!"

The White Wolf lifted his mask.

"You!" cried Vannoy, stupified. "John Blanc!"

"You thought me dead long ago; is it not so? You by no means expected to meet in a man strong and powerful, the worm whom your foot crushed so pitilessly in other days. God has kept me under His wing, not for my sake, I think, but for the son of Tremi, race of chevaliers and Christians."

"The son of Tremi," repeated Vannoy, whose terror was now mingled with some little curiosity.

"He whom you tried to assassinate, twice over!"

Vannoy thought that the Wolf-King forgot one time.

"Twice over," continued John Blanc. "Fool! you knew not that child was your buckler. You knew not that, he dead, there would have been nothing between your false breast and the bullet of my father's old musket. Many a time I have aimed at you under the covert! Many a time, when you were passing along the great alleys of the forest, alone or with valets powerless to protect you against a well-directed ball, I have put my gun to my shoulder and taken aim at you. But a secret voice always kept me back. I thought I would send you for little master George, and I spared you. I did wisely in this. Praise be to God. The hour has come when your life or your testimony becomes necessary to the lawful heir of Tremi."

"Do you know then where he is?" demanded Vannoy, in a low voice.

"He is in your house; in the house of his fathers. But this time you will not assassinate him. Let us shorten things. Do you wish to get from here safe and sound?"

"At any price," said Vannoy, who, wonderful to tell, spoke the whole truth.

"Let us be plain; I do not give you your life. You are mine still, for the blood of my father and my wife. Only I give you a respite, and a chance of escaping me. For that, mark what I demand."

He pointed to a corner of the table, where were writing materials, and went on: "I will dictate:—I, Hervey de Vannoy, declare that I recognize in the person of Mr. Didier, Captain in the service of His Majesty the King of France and Navarre, George, grandson and lawful heir of Nicholas Tremi of Tremlays, seignor of Bonexis in Forest, my late venerated relative; in confirmation whereof I sign my name."

Vannoy hesitated not one moment. He wrote and signed.

"And now," said he, "am I free?"

John Blanc read over the declaration, and put it in his bosom.

"You are free; but bethink you and take care. Before this, I had need of you. I have need of you no more. Cover your breast well; it is no longer protected against my vengeance. Away!"

Vannoy did not wait for a second word. He hastened, at hazard, towards one of the central lights.

"Not that way! Yaume, bandage this man's eyes, and lead him beyond the ravine. One word more. You will find at Tremlays, George Tremi, the son of your benefactor, the head of your family; if you have so much, in your veins, as one drop of that noble blood—which I much doubt—recognize him at once, and treat him accordingly."

Vannoy let his eyes be bandaged by Yaume, who took him by the arm. The two mounted the stairs, wet and slippery, that led down into the cavern. Then Vannoy felt a blast of air, and saw a red light through the bandage. He breathed with delight, and could not restrain a joyous exclamation.

"You have cause for joy," said Yaume. "I think the devil takes care of you; for where you have got through, an honest man would have left his bones. It's all the same. You have escaped twice. If I were you, I would think that enough."

"You are right, my lad; I will do better; I will sell my castle, and go so far from here, that the name of Wolves will not be heard."

Yaume followed him with his eyes until he disappeared hurriedly in the underwood. Vannoy turned not once. Often he felt a shudder of terror when he saw the branches quiver. He met no obstacle on his way. When he found himself within the double range of the good oaks of Tremlays, he took off his hat, and wiped his brow. "Twice the cord at my neck in forty-eight hours! It is a rough life! I will do as I have said. I will quit Brittany. With the price of the Tremi domain, I shall still be a great lord. But who would have thought that miserable fool, John Blanc, was still living? Would I had him but once in my power; and he would never take aim at me again, neither under the covert nor in the open plain."

He continued to walk on for some minutes; then he paused abruptly, and a smile of satisfaction opened his thin lips. "What if Bechamell and the parliament find means to beat down this claim of him to whom I have given the name of George Tremi? At all events that scrawl cannot take the domain from me. I have an act of sale in good and due form. I have friends in the parliament; and a possession of twenty years is something. Certainly, I would like it better if the Captain were dead; but let him live. I swear I will never give up to him an inch of his domain." He entered the door of the castle.

John Blanc, for his part, after the prisoner departed, remained some time plunged in his reflections; then, with the help of Yaume, he blackened his visage and put on his charcoal-maker's dress. That done, he left the cavern, descended to the bottom of the ravine, and entered the hollow of the great oak. He was armed with an instrument for hollowing out the earth.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

JOHN BLANC.

When Didier arrived at the castle, Vannoy was absent. The castle had the look of a place taken by assault, and the young Captain learned with astonishment what had occurred the preceding night. John Blanc and Marie had told him only so much as related to himself, to wit, the night attack, the death of Jude, and his own escape, effected by the two girls. He knew not of the robbery of the five hundred thousand livres, and almost nothing of the attack made by the Wolves. The first person he met was the Comptroller Royal. He had lost the brilliant roses of his complexion. His face expressed lively chagrin. It was he who recounted to the Captain the events of the night. "There has been treachery," said he, finishing his narrative; "the soldiers have been treacherously hindered from doing their duty. It will cost me five hundred thousand livres."

"There has been treachery, no doubt," replied the Captain; "I know you not who the guilty person may be?"

"As to suspicions, I can say little." He looked queerly at the Captain, however. "Sir Captain, I would give six months of my life to see you the possessor of a wealthy domain."

"Why so," cried Didier, astonished.

"Because I have lost five hundred thousand livres! Unfortunate man, the parliament cannot but hang or behead you!"

"Does any one dare to accuse me?" cried Didier.

"Why," replied Bechamell, "who is there but me to do that? I am the only victim, and I complain not, for it would take a long time, Captain, to pay me out of the emoluments of your rank."

Didier was in one of those crises in life when the heart is almost inaccessible to anger. Occupied with new thoughts, he disdained to take up his time with wrath at such a personage as the Marquis. He told him, however, of the change in his fortunes.

Bechamell shrugged his shoulders. "A magnificent income," grumbled he; "I will seize it. But suppose you pay me to the last mite, we will not be quits even then."

"How so?" demanded Didier, who did not take the trouble to reply to what respected the last night's robbery.

"How so?" repeated the Marquis, emboldened by the calmness of the other; "you ask me that, sir? I was the betrothed of Miss de Vannoy. This morning I found her, half dressed, in your room, praying near the dead body of your servant. Using the rights I thought were mine, I tried to take her back to her chamber. Then she spoke of you—I suppose she was in some sort of ecstacy—in terms that leave me in no doubt as to my misfortune."

"Poor Alice," murmured the Captain. "Do not imagine anything injurious to Miss de Vannoy, sir," he added, sternly.

"Well," responded Bechamell. "I have certainties enough without plaguing myself with suspicions. Five hundred thousand livres and my betrothed! For she has told me, sir, that she will become a nun rather than marry me. And then," he added, looking at his watch, "here is eleven o'clock, and in this confusion nobody is preparing breakfast." He hurried to the kitchen.

Didier had cause for thought. Evidently Bechamell would not be the only one to accuse him. The money was under his care. To clear himself one means alone seemed feasible—to proclaim the infamy of Hervey de Vannoy. But Alice—Alice, who came to save him. Alice, who loved him, and whom already he had made so unhappy! Didier repelled from him the idea of exposing her father, whose return he awaited impatiently.

Without thinking of it, he took the way to his chamber. In traversing the court, a crowd of objects that he had not noticed before struck his eyes, and awoke recollections long lulled asleep. He thought he recognized the sculptures of the facade, and the noble heraldic colors of the escutcheons. The door of his chamber was open. He went in. On his bed the body of Jude was stretched. A woman, on her knees, by the pillow, was praying aloud, reciting slowly the verses of the De Profundis. It was Dame Goton Rehou, who was paying the last duties to her old friend. Didier uncovered his head, and advanced. Hearing the jingling of the spurs on the floor, the housekeeper turned round. She had not before seen the Captain, and the sight of him occasioned her an emotion, the cause of which was a mystery to herself. He passed near the bed, and considered long in silence the features of Jude, from which death had not been able to take away their expression of calm and intrepid firmness.

"Poor Jude," he thought aloud; "God has not permitted him to reach the goal so ardently wished for by him. He has died before having found his master's son. He has died one day too soon."

The old woman began to tremble. "Sir, sir! my eyes are heavy with age, and it is twenty years since I saw George Tremi—but, in the name of God, who are you?"

The sound of hinges grated on the ear from the outer door. Didier ran to the window, and saw Vannoy entering the court.

"Who are you?" repeated Goton, clasping her hands.

"You remember, then, about Tremi?" said the Captain. "Well, follow me; you will hear your master giving me the name that belongs to me." He left the room, traversed the corridor with lengthy strides, and beckoned him to the hall, which Vannoy had just entered, the dame following him as fast as she could. In the hall were Miss Olive, the Marquis, and the officer of the Rennes police. The latter bluntly addressed Didier.

"Captain, yesterday evening, during supper, you fell asleep. That was not natural. During your sleep, they pillaged the castle. I found myself locked in my room; our people found themselves penned up in a locked barn. What think you of that?"

"I will reply to you in the evening," replied Didier, advancing to Mr. de Vannoy.

The latter fortified himself with his sweetest smile.

"My young friend," he cried, opening his arms, and meeting him half way, "I have just learned tidings that transport me with joy. Let us embrace, my young relative. Mr. de Bechamell, my sister, and all you here present, I inform you that the true name of this dear Captain, is George Tremi."

"Of Tremlays, seignor of Bonexis in Forest," added George himself.

The old housekeeper, who had reached the threshold, leant against the wall. Her limbs refused their services.

"I guessed it," murmured she, wiping a tear away with her wrinkled hand. "It is exactly as I wished to see him come back, handsome, strong, his sword by his side, his mein high and noble, as suits a Breton of good blood."

"Such were the names and titles of Nicholas Tremi, your venerable grandfather—my young friend," replied Vannoy to the Captain's last words.

"And such will be mine too," said George, firmly.

"My cousin," said Vannoy, "I think you greatly exaggerate your new position. Believe me, the heritage of Nicholas Tremi will not make you very rich."

The Captain felt a flush of indignation on his cheek. He drew near Vannoy, so as to be heard by him alone.

"There is under your roof a person whom I respect as much as I despise you. Give thanks to God for that shield, for I know what you are. I carry the marks of your treacherous attacks; I know how often you have tried to assassinate me. I know that this night again—"

"Why don't you speak aloud, my cousin," said Vannoy, arming himself with all his effrontery.

"Wretch!" continued George, without raising his voice; "you know well that your daughter is between us; your daughter, who is as holy as you are impure and tainted. I will say nothing; but you are here under my roof, and I can drive you from it by the soldiers under my orders."

Vannoy bowed, ironically.

"My sister, and you, Marquis, pray excuse our secret conversation. My young cousin, as the first act of good relationship, threatens to drive me from my own house with the King's soldiers."

"There is no relationship between us, sir," replied Didier. "I threaten to drive you not from your house—for this castle is mine."

"Assuredly," cried Vannoy, "you mistake. Allow me to absent myself one instant; I will return to teach you a number of things of which you seem ignorant."

The Captain remained undecided as to his future course, not knowing what to expect. Bechamell, the Rennish officer, and Miss Olive formed themselves into a group, to discuss at their ease this strange event. Whilst each was thus differently occupied, the blackened figure of Pelo Rouan showed itself on the threshold. He held under his arm a little iron coffer, all rust-eaten. Old Goton alone saw him, and made a movement of surprise. He put his finger on his mouth. The old dame kept silence, and made way for him. He glided into the shade projected by one of the high folds of the open door.

Almost simultaneously, Mr. de Vannoy returned, followed by Master Allan. He had in his hand an open parchment.

"My youthful friend," said he, with an air of insolent triumph, scarcely tempered by his habit of hypocritical courtesy, "I humbly pray you to excuse me, if I ask your close attention. You will consider this deed."

The Captain took the parchment and read it. It was the act of sale, written throughout in the hand of Nicholas Tremi, and given by him to Hervey de Vannoy.—While reading it, George turned pale.

"It seems that there is here," said he, "some odious trick which I do not understand. How could you, poor, and supported by the favors of my grandfather, come to be able to purchase his domain?"

"Economy, my young friend. With economy and a turn for business, one accomplishes things really surprising. I hope now that you will threaten me no more. Shall we make peace?"

"Never," cried George, repulsing Vannoy's blood-tainted hand. "I will conceal your crimes, for your daughter's sake. But there is endless war between us."

"War be it, then," said the consummate hypocrite. "Marquis, you are witness that I have carried moderation to its farthest limits. As he outrages me before you, I say to him in my turn: 'Sir, leave my house!'"

The Captain turned to go. Half way to the door, he found himself face to face with Pelo Rouan, who took him by the hand, and led him back to the midst of the hall.

"John Blanc!" said Vannoy, mentally. "It is really he!"

He spoke in a whisper to the major-domo, who hastened to go out.

"Why come you here!"

"I come to do justice," replied John Blanc, in a grave tone. "I come to pay you the price of twenty years of fraud and crime."

Vannoy looked askance at the door. The steward had not yet returned.

"You avail yourself of a deed signed by Nicholas Tremi; our young seignor replies to you by a deed signed by yourself!"

John Blanc placed the iron coffer down on the floor; knelt, and introduced his knife into the slit of the hinge. The rust had eaten away the metal, and the lid opened almost without effort. The coffer contained the gold and the parchments, which, no doubt Vannoy recognized, for he darted forward to seize it. George Tremi drew him back, and took the deed from John Blanc's hands.

"I know it well," he cried, after reading it; "I knew well that there were fraud and a lie. Here is a declaration signed by you, which states that any descendant of Tremi may buy back the domain, on paying five hundred thousand livres."

"And here are the hundred thousand livres," added John Blanc, rapping on the coffer.

Vannoy was mad with rage; his lips foamed and trembled, his eyes almost started from their sockets. The Rennish officer, Miss Olive and the Marquis, were utterly astounded; the last had a vague hope of recovering his five hundred thousand livres. The old housekeeper wondered and rejoiced. At that moment Master Allan arrived at the door, followed by the servants of the castle, armed to the teeth, and by the Rennes police. The eyes of Hervey de Vannoy sparkled under his thick eyelashes.

"Guard all the doors and windows," cried he; "I promise ten gold louis to him who lays the first hand on this brigand," pointing to John Blanc. "This is all aimed at me; I am pillaged. But I will have my revenge. Look well at this man, Marquis. This night five hundred thousand livres have been taken from you; the Captain did not know how to defend them, or rather he delivered them up; and no doubt this gold in the coffer is the price of his treachery. Have you the effrontery to deny it, George Tremi? This man who comes to your aid, is he not the same who this night directed the attack? Forward, faithful servants of the King! seize the chief of the Wolves!"

"The White Wolf!" cried all at once the Marquis, Miss Olive, the soldiers, and the domestics. These last, at the same time, made a prudent movement in retreat. The soldiers darted forward, and encircled John Blanc.

"Seize him!" shouted Bechamell. "Ah, detestable brigand, you will restore to me my money."

George Tremi had drawn his sword, determined to defend the man who had served him so effectually, and who was Marie's father. But he needed not to use his weapon. Just as the police, narrowing their circle, were about to lay hands on the Wolf-King, the latter made a bound that carried him over the line of soldiers, as far as to one of the wall windows. The soldiers remained stupefied. He stood erect, leaning on the window, sublimely dauntless.

"Do what you may," said he, "Hervey de Vannoy, you are conquered. You will not have vengeance, even!"

"Fire, fire," shouted Vannoy, snatching the musket of one of the soldiers, and taking aim at John Blanc.

George, by a stroke of his sword, turned aside the gun, and the ball lodged in the wainscot.

"We will meet once more, Hervey de Vannoy," continued the bandit chief; "that will be our last meeting; and then all our accounts will be settled." He leaped into the court at these words, then they saw him clear the outer wall with the extraordinary agility that was one of his peculiarities. The soldiers fired. It was but noise and smoke.

The accusation directed against the young heir of Tremi could not be sustained. Vannoy himself, as soon as the first movement of his mad wrath was over, dared not renew it. He contended no farther. His part was played out; he had lost. He resigned him to his fate, apparently at least.

The Marquis had to bear the loss of the five hundred thousand livres; at which the reader need not afflict himself too much, there being reason to believe that he had stolen thrice as much in his life time.

George Tremi, on becoming a Breton, lost not the sentiments of affection and respect which he deemed due to his sovereign; he made no opposition to the court as Paris; but he interposed between his poor dependants of the Forest, and their thousand petty tyrants. He restored to the makers of wooden shoes, to the coopers, hoop-makers and charcoal-men, those rights of usage which an immemorial prescription had made their lawful property. He aided them in paying the impost; he helped them in every possible way. Two or three years scarcely had passed, when all traces of Wolves disappeared from under the Forest trees. As his reward, you might have seen troops of honest folks on their knees at the foot of the Cross of Mid-Forest; they were thanking God, who had restored to them a son of Tremi; a potent shield, and indefatigable benefactor.

George Tremi of Tremlays did not forget that he had been for twenty years, Didier the untitled. In assuming the noble style that belonged to his birth, he took not up those exclusive and inflexible ideas in their rigidity which are in some sort part of the heritage of old families, and which we respect even when we do not embrace them. Great Seignor by birth, but soldier of fortune by education, he was not a man to accept or consult his heart alone in the choice of a companion. His heart had made choice of Broom-Blossom. It mattered not that the union would meet no obstacle. Nevertheless

less it rest one, and one of the most serious. John Blanc peremptorily refused his daughter's hand to his young lord. This was no empty pretence. Never millionaire refusing to take for son-in-law a man that was penniless; never duke or peer declining the alliance of a poet, was more difficult to head than he. He had, on his part, his ideas of honor; inflexible, rigid, and as haughty as all the prejudices put together of all the Breton noblesse. Didier commanded and prayed alternately, and for a long time in vain; but one day, under a happy inspiration, he vowed to him on the good faith of a Breton gentleman, that he would never have any wife but Marie. John Blanc yielded; the house of Tremi must have heirs.

It was a day of pure and unmixed happiness, that on which Marie passed the threshold of the good Castle of Tremlays. Calm and joy entered there with her, to go out no more. She brought no escutcheon to quarter with that of Tremi; but there were already enough of armorial bearings under the austere portraits of the ancient lords and dames of the mansion; and among all the ladies of high degree who gave forth, for many an age, the perfume of those flowers in their hands that were painted on the canvas of their portraits, not one of them could dispute the prize of exquisite beauty with the poor daughter of the Forest. Right or wrong, the Captain thought this a good deal.

Many a day after, when the children of George and Marie were running here and there among the thickets, guided by the old Goton Rehou, there was at the convent of Saint-Aubindu Cormier a nun, Sister Alice by name, who swatted them often at the door, and embraced them, weeping as she did so. Sister Alice was beautiful, but her large blue eyes knew no smile, and the people of the forest ceased their songs as she passed near them, so pale was her brow, so sad her eye. Yet those who marked her as she raised her look to her Saviour in heaven, saw that she had attained a peace deeper than any mere earth-born felicity.

As to her father, who was one great part of her sorrow, we may tell what occurred six months after the return of George Tremi to the heritage of his ancestors. Hervey de Vannoy had left Tremlays to retire to Rennes. At the end of six months, he asked of George permission to take away, from the chamber he had occupied in the castle, some things he claimed as his. George hastened to grant this request. Vannoy came with several men. His room was the one which had served as a retreat for Nicholas Tremi, and contained that chest of drawers, whence, setting out on his last journey, he had taken the hundred thousand livres of which this history has made such frequent mention. These drawers contained large sums, left by Nicholas Tremi; and other moneys, the savings of Vannoy himself. It was this treasure he came to seek. He met no obstacles on George's part; and set out again, towards evening, on the road to Rennes. But his servants arrived at the city without him, and told, in dismay, that on the edge of the forest, a gun-shot was fired off from above their heads, and that Hervey de Vannoy, struck with a bullet full in the breast, had fallen from his saddle dead on the moss. "We looked towards the place the report came from," added the valets; "the night was closing upon us; yet we saw a white form leap from branch to branch, in a way no human being scarce could do; then it disappeared among the highest tops of the chestnut trees."

The day after, they found the corpse of Hervey de Vannoy on the moss. Near it lay the old musket that John Blanc inherited from his murdered father.

☞ Said Dinah to Jumbo, as they were taking a loving promenade, "What's your opinion 'bout married life, tink it be de happiest?" "Well, tell you, dat 'pend altogeder on how dey enjoy demselves."

☞ Some people are so fond of ill luck they run nine-tenths of the way to meet it.

☞ This advertisement appears in the Tarjumen Akval of Stamboul: "Headaches, toothaches, lumbago, sore eyes, fever, &c., cured by a celebrated divine, just arrived from Asia Minor, by breathing on the patient and by charms. Address Dede-kave, at Akseral."

☞ The new Archbishop of Dublin is the Rev. Dr. Richard Chenevix Trench, Dean of Westminster, eighteen of whose twenty-five deans have become bishops or archbishops. The new Dean of Westminster is Dr. Stanley.

☞ Some of the ladies in Hartford appear in the streets without hoops, and with dresses that come only to the ankle, disclosing Balmoral boots and striped stockings. One of the Hartford papers thinks this is a "pleasant reform."

☞ Blondin has descended from the tight-rope and walks over no more abysses. He has gone into trade; formed a copartnership with a wine merchant of France.

☞ "Tom Ferguson," a member of the Canadian Parliament, makes long speeches now and then. He'd been at work lately for one hour, and was good for a couple more, when he was cut short by a letter, said not to be a genuine document, thus:—"My dear Ferguson, I want to see you in the library immediately, to renew your usual pass on the Grand Trunk. Yours, faithfully, C. J. Brydges." The bait took and Tom "hooked it," and has since been almost roasted to death by his brother law-makers.

☞ The vines at Madeira have been more fruitful than for many years. Several pipes of wine have been already made.

SMALL POX CURED.
SMALL POX CURED.
SMALL POX CURED.

Startling as this announcement may be, it is nevertheless true. Let not skeptics doubt, or refuse the proffered remedy, but rather hail this blessed medicine as a truth, until proved otherwise. This wonderful cure for Small Pox has been tried in over one hundred cases and succeeded in every case. The cure is

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The horrible trail of miseries that are saddled upon the Small Pox patient, if he recovers under the usual treatment, are to be found in every form and variety of disease. Thousands of patients who have been treated for the cure of Small Pox, were previously healthy, yet after their apparent cure, found their systems involved in a series of difficulties. This is evidence of an imperfect cure of the original disease. Radway's Pills not only cure the patient of Small Pox, but will secure him against all further sickness. Price 25 cents per box.

Radway & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
"Sold by Druggists."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is very little export demand for Flour. About 10,000 bbls have been taken, mostly at $7@7,50 for common and good brands, and Western extra family, and $7,75@8 for choice do, including 3000 bbls, part fancy Ohio; 600 bbls Western and Penna extra at $6,75@7,50, and low grade superfine at $5,37½@6,75 ₱ bbl. Rye flour is selling in a small way at $6,50 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is quiet. Penna is offered at $5,50 and Brandywine at $6 ₱ bbl, without sales. Of Buckwheat Meal sales are making at $2,25@2,50 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN.—The demand for Wheat continues limited; sales of 25,000 bus at $1,55@1,65 for common to prime Western and Penna reds, and white at $1,70 to 2,10 for latter for choice Kentucky. Rye is steady at $1,37. Corn—About 50,000 bus found buyers mostly at from $1,04 to 1,19 for damp and dry new yellow; $1,10@1,14 for mixed, and $1,20@1,24 for old, including some new white at $1,06@1,07. Oats are less active; sales of Southern and Penna at 87@88c. Of Barley and Malt prices the same. Some small sales of the former are reported at $1,35@1,45 for Penna and Western, and of the latter at $1,60@1,65.

PROVISIONS.—The receipts of all kinds are light. Sales of 800 bbls old Mess Pork at $17½@18½ ₱ bbl. Beef is steady at $12@16 for Western and City Mess, and the demand limited. Bacon sells at 7¼@7½c for Shoulders and 9@9½c for Sides. Hams are quoted at 11@13c for plain and fancy cured. Of Green Meats further sales of Pickled Hams are reported at 11@11½c. Lard is quoted at 12½@13c for bbls and tierces, 13½@13½c for kegs, and 13@13c for mixed packages. Butter continues in fair demand, and firm at 19@26c for Pennsylvania and Ohio, and 25@32c for New York State, the latter for choice Goshen. Cheese is firm but quiet at 13@16c, as in quality. Eggs continue scarce and high; sales ranging at 26@30c ₱ doz.

COTTON.—The receipts and stocks continue light. Sales of about 250 bales in small lots at from 75 to 80c for ordinary to middling and fair quality.

ASHES continue firm but quiet at quotations.

BARK.—There is rather more demand for Quercitron, with sales of about 100 hhds 1st No 1 at $35@37 ₱ ton, for coarse and fine ground. Tanners' Bark is scarce.

BREWERS' GRAIN is at 46@47c ₱ ℔.

COAL.—The market is dull and unsettled. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton, $7,00@8,00; Prepared do $7,00@8,00; lied Ash do $7,50@8,50; Lehigh Lump do $8,00@8,50; Prepared do do 8,50; by retail do $9,00@10,50; Schuylkill Prepared do $8,50@9,00.

COFFEE is held higher, at 31½@35c for Rio, 34@34½c for Laguayra, and 40@41c for Java, cash and time.

COPPER is firm but quiet.

FEATHERS are scarce at 60@63c ₱ ℔.

FRUIT.—Sales of Green Apples at $3@3½, and Cranberries at $8@10 ₱ bbl. Dried Fruit is active and sells freely at 9@9½c for Apples, 10@10c for unpared Peaches, and 25@24c ₱ ℔ for pared do.

HAY is unsettled and quoted at $23@25 ₱ ton.

HEMP—The market is quiet.

HOPS are unchanged at 20@30c ₱ ℔ for Eastern and Western.

LUMBER.—The market continues firm; some small sales of Pin Metal are reported at $35@38 for No 3; $41@43 for No 2, and $43@45 for No 1, cash. Blooms are scarce and high. Of Scotch Pig 100@110 are the sales. For Manufactured Iron, the market is firm.

LEAD has further advanced, with sales of Galena in New York at $10,25 the 100 ℔s.

LUMBER.—The active season is about over, and the market is very firm at $28@30 for White Pine, and $23@30 ₱ M for Yellow Sap Boards.

NAILS.—There is very little stock here, and the market is firm but quiet.

PLASTER—The market is firm at $4,75 ₱ ton.

RICE—The demand is limited at 7¼@7¾c ₱ ℔ for Rangoon.

SEEDS.—There is a steady demand for Clover seed. Sales of 300 bus are reported at 6¾@6 ₱ bus. Timothy is worth $3 ₱ bus. Flaxseed is better, with sales of 3000 bus at $3,15, and 5000 do at $3,18 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS.—Brandy continues scarce and high. N E Rum is worth 90@92c. Whiskey is unsettled and lower, with sales of bbls at 86@90, and Drudge at 84@86c.

SUGARS.—The market is very little doing. Sales comprise a few small lots of Cuba at 12¼@12¾c, and 137 boxes at 13¼c, on time.

TALLOW is firm, with sales of 150,000 ℔s of city rendered at 12@12½c ₱ ℔.

TOBACCO.—There is a large business doing in Manufactured. For Leaf prices are better. We note sales at 15@23c, the latter for fine Kentucky.

WOOL.—There is very little doing; the transactions are limited to about 80,000 ℔s at 80@85c ₱ ℔, including 15,000 ℔s half blood at 82c, and 10,000 ℔s fine at 84c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2075 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 11 cts ₱ ℔. 300 Cows brought from $20 to 70 ₱ head. 4000 Sheep were sold at from 5 to 5¾c ₱ ℔ gross. 700 Hogs brought from $7,50 to 9,00 ₱ cwt net.

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A trial of many years has proved to the world that this remedy is more efficacious in curing all throat, breast and lung complaints than any hitherto known to mankind. It gives tone and strength to the stomach, and for the aged and debilitated it acts as a most agreeable alterative. In Hemorrhage from the Lungs "Swayne's Wild Cherry" is the most safe and prompt styptic in use. In Phthisis, known by emaciation, debility, cough, hectic fever and purulent expectoration, it is, without exception, the best medicine extant, oftentimes curing the most obstinate cases, which had baffled every exertion of human skill. Prepared only by DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. Sold by druggists and dealers.
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Baldness Prevented.
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London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing.
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This discovery for the preservation of the human hair is taking the lead of all hair preparations; besides restoring the color and vitality of the hair grow on bald heads, it is a beautiful dressing, keeps the hair soft, smooth and flexible, removes any eruptive disease, itching, scurf, dandruff, &c. Many who are bald, or getting so, have had their hair permanently restored. Only one preparation. Single bottles, 50 cents; six bottles, $2,50. Sold wholesale and retail, by Dr. SWAYNE & Son, No. 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia.
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FURS.
THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK IN THE CITY,
AT
CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS,
CONTINENTAL HOTEL,
nov14-3m PHILADELPHIA.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. ANDREW PLISH, Jr. to Miss ADALINE KEMP, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the same, Mr. GEORGE J. HARDSTAFF, to Miss ANNA HENTZ, both of Montgomery county.

On the 10th instant, by Friends' ceremony, at the residence of the bride's father, in the presence of Hudson S. Ellis, Justice of the Peace, EDWARD T. BLACK, of Philadelphia, to MARY, daughter of Miller Howard, Esq. of Howard Hill, Burlington county, N. J.

In Washington, D. C., on the 8th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, Rector of St. James, LAWRENCE, son of Benj. Gomp, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. J. S. Willis, DANIEL FIGGINS, to ELIZABETH ANN, youngest daughter of Benj. Comp, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, Mr. CHARLES GRILL, to Miss AMELIA FRENCHBACH.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. John Street, Lieut JAMES M. CUMMINGS, to Miss SUSANNA FOX, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. J. Thompson, Mr. EDWARD T. FRAMBES, of this city, to Miss CARRIE SEAL, of Delaware.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, JOHN W. KESTER, in his 58d year.

On 3d-day, 15th instant, RICHARD RANDOLPH, in his 73d year.

On the 15th instant, JOHN GOODRICH, in his 60th year.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. MARGARET STEWARD, aged 54 years.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. ANN S. RUSHTON, in her 72d year.

On the 14th instant, DAVID BOYD, in his 23d year.

On the 13th instant, MARIA, wife of Adam Keller, in her 37th year.

On the 13th instant, Mr. SOLOMON BUNTING, in his 79th year.

On the 12th instant, MARY A. VANHORN, in her 27th year.

OBITUARY.

Died, on Monday, the 30th of Nov. at Pittsburg, after a short but severe illness, which she bore with pious fortitude, LOUISA ESTEP, wife of J. T. Estep, of Finleyville, Washington county, Pa. Deceased was a sincere Christian, a faithful wife and mother, and was beloved by all who knew her. She met the solemn summons in the full faith and hope of a blissful immortality beyond this "vale of tears," and quietly passed to that bourne from whence no traveller returns. Peace to her memory. S.

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Like all medicines, must be used as prescribed to insure the desired effect. These, when followed, never fail to affect relief, and when preserved in, a permanent cure.

PAIN IN THE HEAD, or NERVOUS HEADACHE, is usually relieved by a single pinch, although it may have to be taken several times in succession, until sneezing is produced.

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In all ACUTE and CHRONIC CATARRHAL AFFECTIONS, and for BRONCHITIS, it ought to be taken at least two or three times daily, and oftener, as convenience will admit, snuffed up thoroughly, so as to be felt in the throat, where its task is pleasant, (as it contains no tobacco,) promoting free expectoration and the necessary discharge from the head.

For INFANTS or YOUNG CHILDREN having SNUFFLES OR STOPPAGE AT THE NOSE, it is best given when the child is asleep.

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This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those Cattle Powders which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in his Provender with his Feed, will improve and invigorate his Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretions of your Horses, Cattle and Hogs in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder. Prepared only by

WILLIAM RALSTON,
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Assistant Veterinary Surgeon for the United States Government.

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SULPHITE OF LIME.

A package, with full directions, costing but 50 cents being sufficient for one barrel of Cider. It is a perfectly harmless preparation, and does not give any taste to the Cider.

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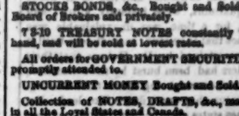

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VEGETABLE PREPARATION,
A PURE TONIC,
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Nausea,
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Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach,
Swimming of the Head,
Hurried and Difficult Breathing,
Fluttering at the Heart,
Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture,
Dimness of Vision,
Dots or Webs before the Sight,
Fever and Dull Pain in the Head,
Deficiency of Perspiration,
Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes,
Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c.,
Sudden Flushes of Heat,
Burning in the Flesh,
Constant Imaginings of Evil, and
Great Depression of Spirits.

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WILL GIVE YOU
A GOOD APPETITE,
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HEALTHY FEELINGS,
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A HEALTHY CONSTITUTION,
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WEAK	WILL MAKE THE STRONG,
DELICATE	WILL MAKE THE HEARTY,
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Will prove a blessing in
EVERY FAMILY,
Can be used with perfect safety by

MALE	OLD
OR	OR
FEMALE,	YOUNG.

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There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest whiskey or common rum, costing from 25 to 40 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by Anise or Coriander Seed, &c.

This class of Bitters has caused, and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, hundreds to die the death of the drunkard. By their use the system is kept continually under the influence of Alcoholic Stimulants of the worst kind, the desire for Liquor is increased, and the system, and the mind in all its powers attacked, and a drunkard's life and death is the result.

For those who desire and WILL HAVE a Liquor Bitters, we recommend Hoofland's German Tonic—ONE BOTTLE OF HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, and one with THREE QUARTERS OF GOOD BRANDY OR WHISKEY, and the result will be a preparation that will FAR SURPASS ALL OTHER BITTERS and true excellence one of the numerous Liquor Bitters in the market, and the HALF BOTTLE OF WHISKEY will have all the virtues of HOOFLAND'S BITTERS in connection with a GOOD article of Liquor, at a much less price than these inferior preparations will cost you.

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Those suffering from MARASMUS, wasting away, with scarcely any flesh on their bones, are cured in a very short time, one bottle in such cases will have most surprising effect.

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Resulting from fevers of any kind—These Bitters will renew your strength in a very short time.

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The chills will not return if these bitters are used.—No person in a Fever and Ague District should be without them.

FROM REV. J. NEWTON BROWN, D. D., EDITOR OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

Although not disposed to favor or recommend Patent Medicines in general, through mistrust of pretendants and effects, I yet know of no sufficient reasons why a man may not testify to the benefits he believes himself to have received from any unique preparation, if he judges that his testimony may benefit the lives of others.

I do this more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON, of this city, because I was prejudiced against them for many years, under the impression that they were chiefly an alcoholic mixture. I am indebted to my friend Robert Shoemaker, Esq., for the removal of this prejudice by proper tests, and for encouragement to try them, when long suffering from great and continued debility. The use of three bottles of these Bitters, at the beginning of the present year, has filled me with decided relief, and restoration to a degree of bodily and mental vigor which I had not felt for six months before, and had a most despondent view of regaining. I thank God and my friend for directing me to the use of HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

J. NEWTON BROWN.
Philadelphia, June 23, 1862.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!
AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS will cure nine tenths of the diseases incidental to exposure and privation in camp. Many of the late, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick. It will be noticed that very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind will be relieved by the use of German Bitters. We have no hesitation in stating that if these Bitters were freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise would be lost.

The proprietors are daily receiving thankful letters from sufferers in the army and hospitals, who have been restored to health by the use of these Bitters, sent to them by their friends.

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Wit and Humor.

THE MONSTER ORGAN.

[The Washington Star contains the following amusing account of the great organ, over—or rather under—which our Boston friends have been glorifying of late.]

Boston has been greatly excited lately over the inauguration at the Music Hall, in that city, of the largest organ in the world, built expressly for "the hub" by Weicher, of Wurtemburg.

The pressure of war news has prevented us heretofore from noticing the Organ of organs in appropriate terms, but we now propose to give the readers of the Star some idea of the powers of the "GREAT INSTRUMENT." We make up our account from the Boston papers and magazines, taking the precaution, of course, to prune down their partial and doubtless high-colored statements to the bounds of credibility.

This monster organ, then, is equal in power to a choir of six thousand throats. Its longest windpipe are 235 feet in length (requiring the erection of a tower for their special accommodation,) and a full-sized man can crawl readily through its finest tubes. Eight hundred and ninety-five stops produce the various changes and combinations of which its immense orchestra is capable. Like all instruments of its class, it contains several distinct systems of pipes, commonly spoken of as separate organs, and capable of being played alone or in connection with each other. Four manuals or hand keyboards, and two pedals or foot keyboards, command these several systems—the solo organ, the choir organ, the swell organ, and the great organ, and the piano and forte pedal organ.

Dr. Holmes (O. W.) says it was at first proposed to move the sixty-five pairs of bellows, designed to fill the monster instrument, by water-power derived from the Cochituate reservoirs, but it has been found more convenient to substitute two nine-horse power self-regulating Ericsson engines as motive power. Dr. Holmes states that these engines keep an even stroke and work admirably. He adds that no description will do justice to this stupendous instrument.

It requires six able-bodied organists to manipulate this immense musical machine, and those engaged at the inauguration at the Boston Music Hall, were J. K. Paine, organist of West Church, Boston; Eugene Thayer, of Worcester; B. J. Lang, of the Old South Church; Dr. Tuckerman, of St. Paul's Church; J. H. Wilcox, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception; and G. W. Morgan, of Grace Church, New York. They were selected with reference to avoirdupois as well as musical qualifications, their weight ranging as follows:—

Paine	180	pounds.
Thayer	220	"
Lang	175	"
Tuckerman	213	"
Wilcox	192	"
Morgan	245	"
Total	1,225	"

When in the grand crescendo passages, these six organists rose simultaneously from their seats, and receding a couple of paces, rushed forward in line, throwing their collective weight of over twelve hundred pounds upon the pedals, the musical explosion—for by no other name can it be designated—was terribly grand.

Through inadvertence, the roof trap-doors of the Music Hall had not been raised, and the first effect of this great detonation of sound was to lift the heavy tin roof from the wall-sockets some fifteen feet into the air, holding it suspended there until the immense volume of sound had forced a passage beneath it.

It is proposed to avert similar accidents by placing an immense sound-escape chimney over the Music Hall, after the style of the draught chimney to a furnace, but Dr. Holmes, who has given much attention to acoustics, suggests—perhaps not altogether seriously—that the condensed sound thus vented may fall upon the city *in solid chunks*, doing great damage.

Outside the building the effects were quite as remarkable. It was noticed that the spires of the different churches in the city vibrated over an arc of several degrees, the weather-vanes upon them dipping and oscillating in the most singular manner, from the same cause. The walls of houses throughout the city were sensibly shaken, furniture displaced, &c., causing many timid persons to rush to the street, thinking it an earthquake.

In the towns immediately adjoining Boston, the concert was also was supposed to be an earthquake. At Mowburyport it was thought [illegible] the sound indicated a heavy naval engagement off Boston harbor. At Salem a jarring concussion and report was experienced resembling in sound a heavy [illegible] train passing over a trestle-work [illegible]. At Jamaica Plains it was thought [illegible] from a thunder-storm in the direction of Boston, and, curiously enough, [illegible] in my minister 30 several degrees at that [illegible] Father Found the same fact was noticed at [illegible] to Weymouth, and as far distant as Taunton [illegible] water receded from Boston harbor in a wave of considerable magnitude, and in its retrograde and return, swamped, stranded, and hauled over several vessels, doing no little damage to the commercial interest.

Gold fish in globes, and fish of all kinds in aquariums, were instantly killed; and what, for a time, was unexplainable was the fact that they sank immediately, until it was ascertained by Dr. Holmes that their bladders had been burst by the concussion, when, of course, being minus their floating-apparatus, they went down like lead. Dr. Holmes states also the remarkable fact that numerous dead bodies of drowned persons were brought to the surface in the harbor and in Charles River by the same concussion. A singular effect was produced by the pulsation of sound from the crescendo detonation passing along the telegraph lines from Boston in various directions, and which travelled a distance of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles over some wires, or until considerable bodies of running water were encountered, over which, from some unexplainable cause in acoustics, the eolian tone—which is described as a wild, uncanny wail—would in no instance pass. Dr. Holmes humorously notes that the same fact is recorded of witches—i. e., that they cannot pass over streams of running water! Another curious feature of this phenomenon was the fact that the musical tone swelled and contracted in regular crescendos and diminuendos at equal intervals along the wires. Thus at Worcester, which is forty-five miles from Boston, the sound was barely perceptible, while at Springfield, just double the distance, the tone approached to a shriek in volume.

Dr. Holmes thus explains this interesting fact. It is well known among musicians that the vibrations upon, the strings of a violin, harp, or any stringed instrument, do not take the shape of a single pulsation with its maximum expansion at the centre of the string; but are divided along the string, in numerous smaller pulsations or crescendos crossing each other at regular diminuendo intervals, at which latter points the string is nearly or quite motionless. The knowledge of this curious law of vibration readily affords a solution, says Dr. Holmes, to the mystery of the telegraphic crescendo freaks noticed.

Dr. Holmes, who, in company with Mayor Lincoln, a delegation of the Boston City Councils, and a body of leading savans of the Harvard persuasion, made an interesting pedestrian tour through some eight or ten miles of the main pipes of the monster organ before it was set up, has written a graphic description of the trip, and of the organ as a whole. The party found no difficulty in walking quite erect through at least six miles of the major pipes, and got through the smaller Eolian tubes quite comfortably on their hands and knees. His description of the great instrument has appeared in book form under the *apropos* title of "Soundings from the Atlantic."

BABY'S BIRTHDAY.

When all the summer flowers were gone,
And leaves began to fall,
God sent us, one fair autumn dawn,
A lovelier flower than all:
Fresh from the spreading tree of life
Our pearl-white baby blossom,
Pluck'd as by some good angel's hand,
Fell on my darling's bosom!

Never shall I the joy forget,
The hour of peril past,
When first my gaze the mother's met
In that one fond look cast—
A look that spoke a thousand thoughts,
But *one*, all thoughts above,
Revealing that blest miracle—
A mother's wondrous love!

Oh! dearer grew those tender eyes,
And dearer that dear face,
And that new smile, Madonna-wise,
That filled with light the place,
When first a little voice arose
Upon my raptured ear;
The words "our child," breath'd sweet and low,
Made us to each more dear.

A PERILOUS POSITION.—A traveller thus describes his journey across the Blue Mountains:—

"We had passed the spot called Solitary Creek by sunset, and darkness came on before we could reach the station beyond Mount Lambey, one of the highest peaks over which the road ascends. It became very dark, and as our horses descended, the driver could hardly see to guide them at a most dangerous turn of the road. Suddenly one of our wheels broke down, and in the dark we could not put it to rights. The driver went on to the station for torches and assistance, leaving me and my companion in charge of the horses. With difficulty the driver found his way to the station, and when he returned the torch revealed the fact that the broken wheel had saved our lives; for had the conveyance proceeded only a few yards more, horses and men must have perished, as we were on the brink of a frightful precipice." How often may our lives have been protected, when we ourselves have been unconscious of the danger; and the annoyances of life may have been, in reality, the highest benefits. A shower that vexed the traveller counteracted the designs of the assassin, and the broken carriage-wheel saved the travellers from destruction.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

NURSE (in the distance).—"La, Miss Loo! whatever har you hat?"

MISS LOO.—"I'm only painting Dolly's face, to make her look like Ma of an afternoon."

ANGER.—Anger unfits the mind for prayer; therefore, "let not the sun go down upon your wrath;" for no angry man can pray aright. Jeremy Taylor beautifully illustrates this:—

"Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, directly contrary to that disposition which makes our prayers acceptable to God. Thus, the lark rising from his bed of grass, soars upward, singing as he rises, but the poor bird is beaten back by the sudden blast of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it can recover by the vibration of its wings, till the little creature is forced to sit down, and pant, and stay till the storm is over, and then it makes a more prosperous flight, and rises still and sings, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel."

☞ EATING THEIR PECK OF DIRT.—Mr. Lord mentions finding a number of North American Indians whose teeth were worn down in a most remarkable manner. He at length ascertained that the cause was as follows:—The Indians caught the salmon as they were leaping at the falls, cut them in halves, and placed them on the shore to dry. There was much sand about the place, and this sand adhered to the exposed discs of salmon. When the Indians eat it they neglected to wash the sand off, and this gradually wore their teeth down almost to the gums.

☞ The very best and cleverest men have a hobby of some sort, which the rules of society forbid their mounting outside of their families. Every man would bore you to death if you would only let him.

Agricultural.

PREMIUMS ON WINE.

John H. Klippart, Secretary of the Ohio Board of Agriculture, publishes in a number of the Ohio Farmer an article in defence of the action of the Board in refusing to offer premiums on wine, while they have offered premiums on grapes. Mr. K. acknowledges that for several years past an article purporting to be wine has been exhibited at the state fairs; and that he has frequently incurred the displeasure of amateur "wine-makers," by asserting that no genuine wine had, as yet, been made in Ohio; or if made at any time or place within the state, that such product was accidental and not the result of a rule or system which would uniformly produce the same result. He defines *wine* to be "the fermented juice of the grape only," and then speaks as follows of the article exhibited at the fairs:

"In the manufacture of these domestic wines, sugar not unfrequently is added in considerable quantities, which when fermented produces alcohol, or else whiskey is added, which combining with the glucose or fruit sugar naturally in the juice, ferments and produces alcohol. Instead of being called *wines*, these domestic productions should be termed, as a certain professor in a medical college once termed them, 'alco-haul-ic *stimulants*.'"

In reply to an argument that has sometimes been urged upon the Board to induce it to offer a premium on wines, to the effect that a general use of wine would promote temperance, as is said to be the fact in France and Germany, Mr. Klippart says:

"The oft repeated assertion that if wine were more generally used less intemperance would prevail throughout the country does not seem to be verified by facts; the only reason why French and German peasants do not drink '*Braunstoces*,' or '*eau-de-vie*,' or in plain English, 'whiskey,' in preference to Rhine wine, or *vin aigre*, is because the former is entirely too expensive for their limited means. The constant use of wine as a beverage produces an appetite for some stronger 'alcoholic stimulant.'"

He also gives a table of the comparative amount of alcohol in various European wines, from which it appears that the wine used by the peasantry of France and Germany is less intoxicating than our strawberry, currant, elderberry, or even rhubarb wine; and closes his communication with the following paragraph:

"If, however, it be insisted that a cheap wine is necessary—but the writer of this report is satisfied that no such necessity exists—it is respectfully suggested that a wine as usually made from the grape in Ohio will not answer the purpose. Persons engaged in making wine from the grape expect to realize two, or two and a half dollars per gallon for it in a potable condition; just as good a wine can be made from good cider properly treated, with the addition of glucose or grape sugar, and can be sold at a good profit at 25 cents per gallon. It may be stated without any disparagement to the efforts of Ohio wine growers from the grape, that Prof. Kirtland has, from cider and glucose, produced an article of wine, which is second rate only to the very best 'sparkling Catawba,' which it has been the writer's fortune to taste! A good bearing orchard in the vicinity of a starch factory is a better guarantee for a cheap and healthy wine, than the largest wine cellars and most delicate saccharometers in the state."

PLASTER OF PARIS FOR PAINT.

A writer in the *Register of Rural Affairs* recommends the use of plaster or ground gypsum, instead of white lead to mix with oil for paint, for outside work. If, as he says, it is equally, in fact more durable, than white lead or zinc white, it deserves to be widely known, as the plaster is very cheap and easily obtained.

Take equal parts of the plaster and white lead, with oil enough to make it the consistence of cream, and run it through a paint mill. This will have a good body, and be very serviceable. For painting the roofs of buildings the plaster and oil answers a good purpose, as it is durable, and when rain-water is collected in cisterns, it will be found to be purer than when it comes in contact with lead. Plaster is sometimes found ground very coarse, and it should therefore be run through a paint mill before it is used.

WHITENING BEES.—THE EFFECT OF ICE OR FROST ON BEES AND COMB.—When the bees are not smothered, this water in the hive is the source of other mischief. The combs are quite certain to mould. The water mould or dampness on the honey renders it thin, and unhealthy for the bees, causing dysentery, or the accumulation of feces that they are unable to retain. When the hive contains a very large family, or very small one, there will be less frost on the combs—the animal heat of the first will drive it off; in the latter there will be but little exhaled.

FROST MAY CAUSE STARVATION.—This frost is frequently the cause of medium or small families starving in cold weather, even when there is plenty of honey in the hive. Suppose all the honey in the immediate vicinity of the cluster of bees is exhausted, and the combs in every direction from them are covered with frost; if a bee should leave the mass and venture among them for a supply, its fate would be as certain as starvation. And without timely intervention of warmer weather, they must perish!—*Quinby's Mysteries of Bee Keeping.*

THE MAIDEN'S COMPLAINT.

"Though we were parted, or though he had died,"
She said, "I could bear the worst,
If he only had loved me at the last,
As he loved me at the first.

"But woe is me!" said the hapless maid,
"That ever a lover came;
Since he who lit in my heart the fire,
Has failed to tend the flame.

"Ah! why did he pour in my life's poor cup
A nectar so divine,
If he had no power to fill it up
With a draught as pure and fine?

"Why did he give me one holiday,
Then send me back to toil?
Why did he set a lamp in my soul,
And leave it, lacking oil?

"Why did he plant the rose in my cheek,
When he knew it could not thrive—
That the dew of kisses, only can keep
The true blush-rose alive?

"If he tired so soon of the song I sung
In our love's delicious June,
Why did he set the thoughts of my heart
All to one blessed tune?

"Oh, if he were either true or false,
My torment might have end:
He hath been, for a lover, too unkind;
Too loving for a friend.

"And there is not a soul in all the world
So wretched as mine must be,
For I cannot live on his love," she said,
"Nor die of his cruelty."

Useful Receipts.

POLISH FOR BOOTS AND SHOES.—The following we see recommended:—"Mix together two pints of the best vinegar, and one pint of soft water. Stir it into a quarter of a pound of glue, broken up, half a pound of logwood chips, a quarter of an ounce of finely powdered indigo, a quarter of an ounce of the best soft soap, and a quarter of an ounce of isinglass. Put the mixture over the fire, and let it boil for ten minutes or more. Then strain the liquid, and bottle and cork it. When cold, it is fit for use. The polish should be applied with a clean sponge.

VARNISH FOR A HALL.—Burnt umbre and ochre (yellow) ground in beer are sometimes used to stain church furniture, &c., also for hall floors. Shake it well when using; apply with a painter's brush, and scrub with a hard, bristly brush whilst it is drying. Common oak varnish is used afterward in many cases. If not dark enough, leave out the ochre.

BEEF-STEAKS A LA FRANCAISE.—Take the inside of the sirloin, free from skin, and cut it evenly into round slices a quarter of an inch thick. Season the steaks with fine salt and pepper, brush them with a little clarified butter, and broil them over a clear brisk fire. Mix a teaspoonful of parsley, minced extremely fine, with a slice of fresh butter, a little cayenne, and a small quantity of salt. When the steaks are done put the mixture into the dish intended for them, and lay them upon it; garnish plentifully with fried potatoes, squeeze the juice of half a lemon on the butter before the meat is placed on it. The potatoes should be fried a fine brown, placed evenly round the meat, and be sliced rather thin. If the sirloin cannot be obtained part of the rump may be used instead.

GRIDDLE CAKE.—Take as much flour as you think will make it the size required, sprinkle a little salt in it, rub in with the fingers some pieces of butter, then add currants to your liking, or leave them out if you like, then add as much water as with a spoon will make it into a paste; now roll it out on the paste-board, and then sprinkle a little flour over it and on the board, then thumb in pieces of butter, about the size of a shilling, all over it; roll it up and roll it out again, and then thumb in more butter, and roll it up, and roll it out again, and if required to be very rich, thumb in more butter; now roll it out to about the thickness of half an inch, and lay it, with the two hands and arms beneath it, carefully on a moderately warm griddle. Watch it baking by inserting a knife between it and the griddle, and, when the under side is done enough, place the griddle and the cake in front of the fire propped up at an angle, and this should bake the upper side. A skillful cook turns it on the griddle on the fire with her left hand, and a knife under it in the right one. When done enough, cut it into squares about three inches by two and a half. Split them with a knife and put plenty of butter in. Here, in the north country, it is our canny pitman's especial favorite. Formerly, his family, during the pay week, (as long as his money lasted,) used to revel in cakes of this kind. He calls them "singing hinnies," and always charges the wife to put plenty of small coals in them—meaning the currants, of course. It is frequently had recourse to, in country places, if strangers drop in unexpectedly to tea. As long as there is a well piled plate of this on the table, there will be no appearance of deficiency. It is a standing birthday treat amongst a family of children, and is always claimed. It is usually called a "knead-cake"—pronounced "ned."—*English Receipt.*

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 3, 8, 5, 12, is a metal.
My 15, 9, 8, 10, 14, is a color.
My 3, 13, 6, 9, 5, is a sign of the zodiac.
My 11, 4, 6, 4, 9, 14, is a city in New York.
My 9, 4, 7, 10, is to govern.
My 6, 2, 9, 9, 5, is a Spanish cloth measure.
My 13, 2, 1, 13, 13, is a Scripture name.
My 13, 11, 3, 7, is extremely bitter.

My whole can be found in the Saturday Evening Post.

Detroit, Michigan. JOS. B. MOORE.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 16, 8, 6, 17, 5, 4, is a woman's name.
My 7, 15, 12, 11, is the name of a state.
My 1, 7, 3, is a small insect's egg.
My 14, 8, 5, 9, 13, 4, is what every one desires.
My 4, 15, 16, 6, is part of a cow.
My 15, 10, 7, 15, is the name of a state.
My 18, 11, 13, is what we all do.

My whole is an American writer.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A word of four letters I do but exist,
Intransitive, passive, grammarians call me,
No gender or number, or object have I,
Yet the *main* object of life I should be.
Transpose, and I become a word
Of dire import, of meaning vast;
All dread my coming, but are glad
When the ill-omened wind is past.

Prompton, Pa. VICKIE SPENCER.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in love, but not in hate.
My 2nd is in one, but not in eight.
My 3rd is in up, but not in down.
My 4th is in village, but not in town.
My 5th is in Saxon, but not in Dane.
My 6th is in Mary, but not in Jane.
My 7th is in go, but not in come.
My 8th is in ale, but not in rum.
My 9th is in sea, but not in land.
My 10th is in nose, but not in hand.
My 11th is in dig, but not in delve.
My 12th is in dozen, but not in twelve.
My whole is a man whose native land
Is seen where Jura mountains stand,
But calls our country now his own,
And makes the truths of science known.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a pole 175 feet high. In a storm, [illegible] feet of the pole was blown off to the ground at the same time it broke again, the top still [illegible] king the ground 80 feet from the foot of the pole, and the other end resting on the stump 5 feet below the place where it broke; what is the height of the part left standing?

L. D. BURT.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find the least five numbers terminating in 7, that are divisible by 9, 11 and 13 without a remainder?

Scott Co., Ill. MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are the stars like rowdies who keep late hours? Ans.—Because they scintillate in the night.

☞ Why is the letter T like a tyrant's edict against the rights of man? Ans.—Because it makes reason treason.

☞ Why is sending a man a letter with a ten dollar bill in it like turning him out of the church? Ans.—Because it is an X-communication.

☞ Under what circumstances of the blood sometimes suspended? Ans.—Because it attempts to circulate in vein.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MUSICAL ENIGMA.—Gen. Lew Wallace's patriotic song entitled "Stolen Stars, or Gems of old Father Washington." CHARADE.—Gunboat. CHARADE.—Wheat—(heat, eat, at, t.

Answer to PROBLEM by R. J. McBride, published November 28th.—2¾ bushels.—L. F. Burt, A. Martin, Wm. Jaggar, J. Milton Derby, R. Barto, W. Wean, F. W. Hibbard, Morgan Stevens and John Hall.

TO OUR PROBLEM CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot appropriate the entire Riddler column for your productions. We have now on hand over 180 problems from different subscribers, most of which are worth publishing, and as we give, as a general thing, two each week, you can calculate how long it will be before all of them will be printed. We would therefore remark to those who feel impatient, all your articles will appear in due season. We endeavor to adopt the plan of "first come, first served," but in some instances where the writing is unintelligible, or the sheet written upon both sides, we give preference and precedence to those that are written distinctly.—*Ed. Riddler.*

☞ The streets of St. Louis must be in a pleasant condition. A paper of that city says a woman was smothered to death in a mud hole some days since.